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My level of homophobia is: Santorum-sized.

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Likes: Tim Tebow, Tyler Perry movies.

Dislikes: Fags, homos, queers and black people who aren't Tyler Perry.

My favorite method for killing abortion doctors: Ideally, a pipe bomb. In a pinch I'd use a machete.

My level of homophobia is: Super-Santorum-sized.

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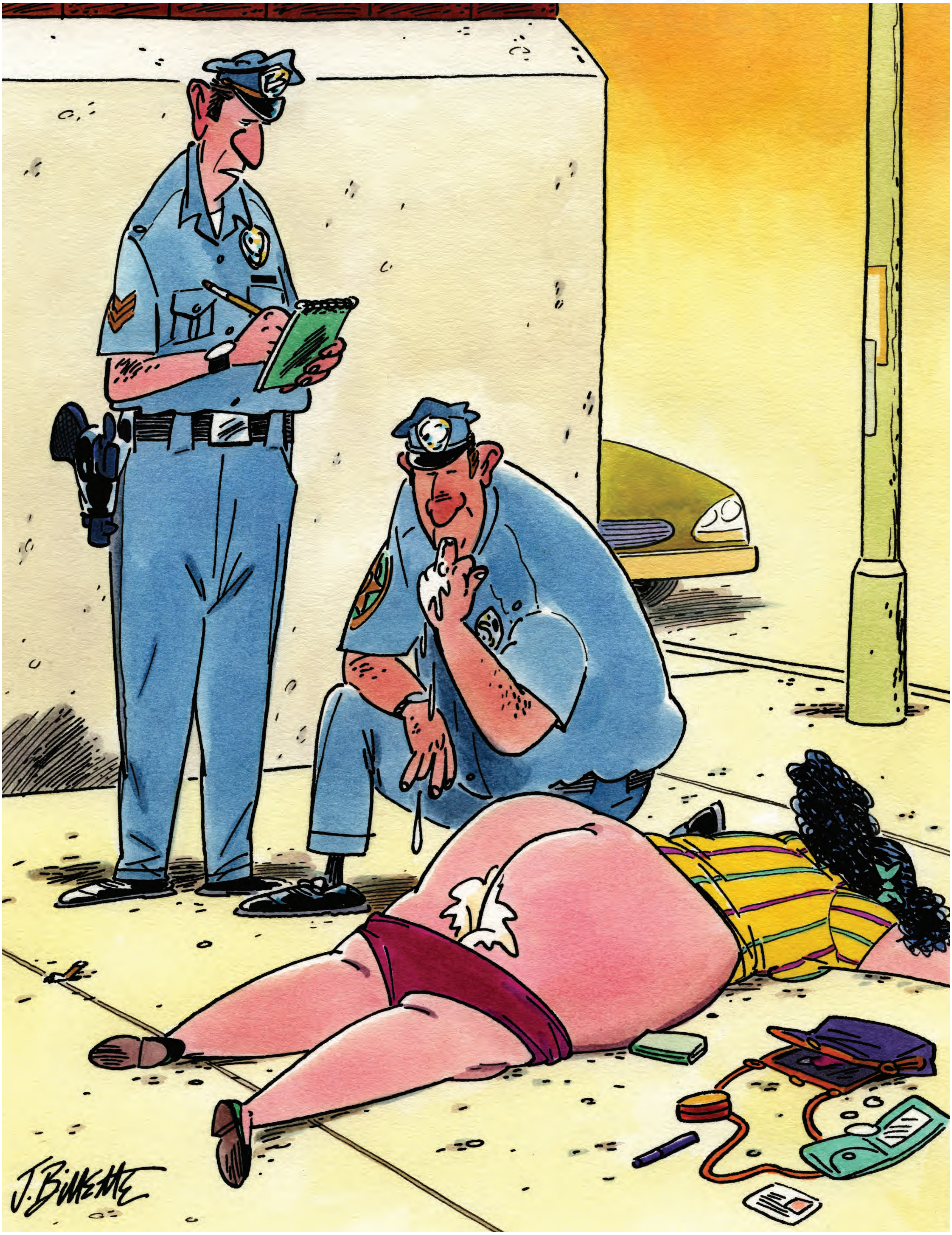

"I'll tell you once more, O'Malley. It's the medical examiner's job to determine if she was sexually assaulted!"

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LARRY FLYNT'S
FLAGSHIP MAGAZINE SINCE 1974

MAY 2013 VOLUME 39 NUMBER 12 HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM

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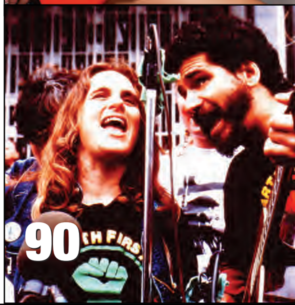

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Cover photo by DigitalDesire.com

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IT'S NOT JUST GUNS

As traumatic as they are, rampage shootings are now a regular occurrence in our country. Many factors have led to that reality: availability of guns, lack of mental-health treatment, abusive environments, violence in popular culture, the list goes on. There's no specific reason and no specific solution. As President Obama eloquently stated, "No single law, no set of laws can eliminate evil from the world or prevent every senseless act of violence in our society, but that can't be an excuse for inaction."

I realize that gun ownership and hunting are a way of life for many Americans. I'm not trying to interfere with that. But let's be realistic: Too many of the guns on the market are designed for war, not hunting or self-defense. And if you think you need military-grade weapons to oppose the government, you're sorely underestimating your enemy's firepower. You may also want to go back and reread the Second Amendment, especially the part that says gun ownership is for the purposes of a "a well-regulated militia." But even without assault weapons, America will still be saturated with guns, and anyone who wants them will get them.

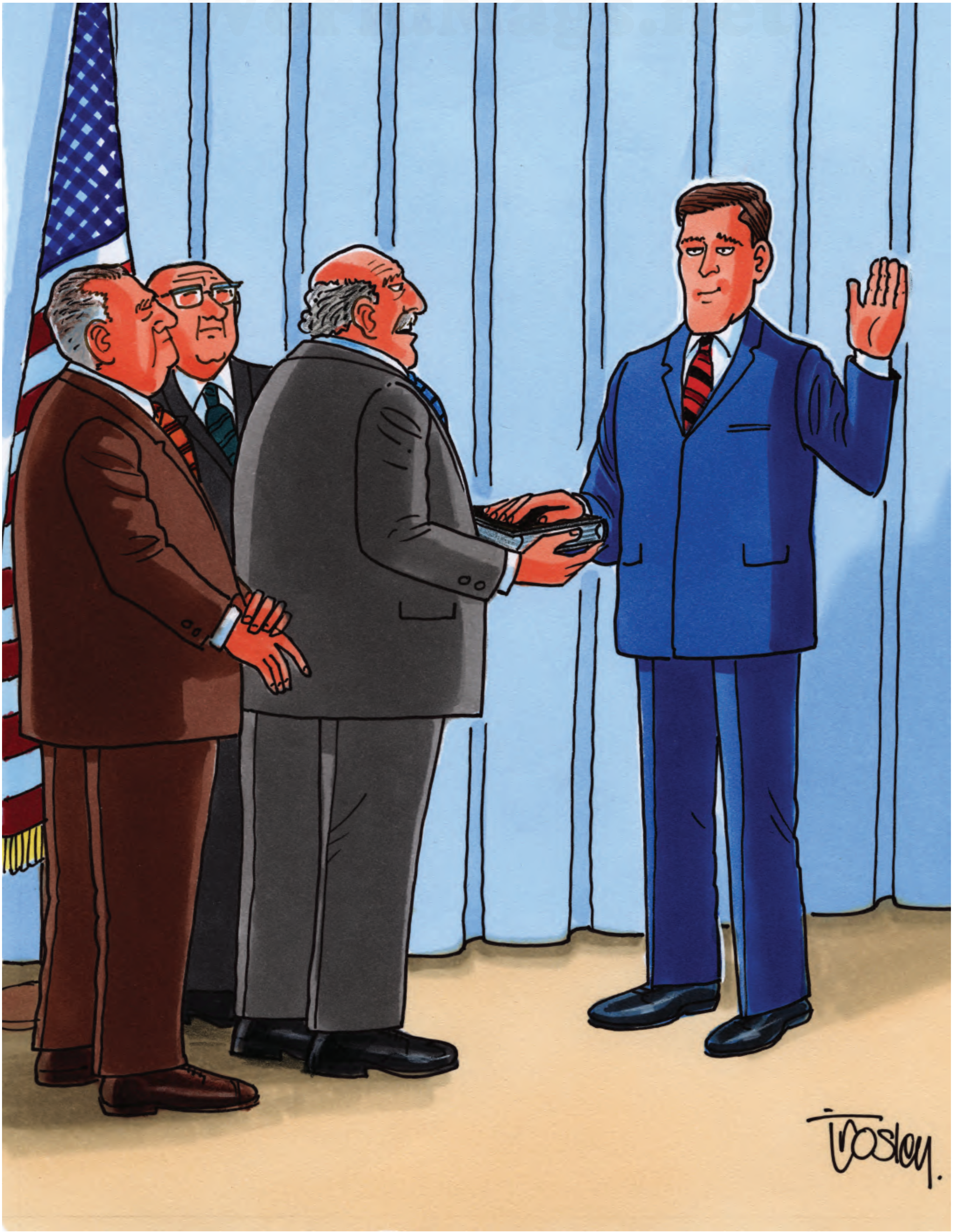
Other than the fact that rampage shooters use guns to kill, the only thing everyone agrees on is that they have mental issues that weren't taken seriously enough. This is the key issue that we need to focus on.

When Ronald Reagan entered office in 1981, one of the first things he did was defund the Mental Health Systems Act and dismantle the National Institute of Mental Health, virtually pouring scores of mentally ill citizens onto our streets. Our society has never recovered from that huge backward step.

It is time for comprehensive mental-healthcare reform. We need to revitalize our mental-health systems and fund progressive research toward diagnosing and helping those who need it before it's too late. It's a huge challenge, and only the federal government has the fiscal and legislative power to meet it. If we're serious about protecting our children and society from the deadly combination of loaded guns and mental illness, we have no other option.

Larry Flynt

Larry Flynt
Publisher



“And do you solemnly swear that, as a Republican congressman, if you ever engage in a monogamous, nonviolent, loving, heterosexual relationship, you will resign immediately?”

WHO'S THE CRIMINAL?

BRADLEY MANNING SHOULD BE LAUDED, NOT LOCKED UP, FOR LEAKING PROOF OF AN ATROCITY BY U.S. TROOPS IN IRAQ.

What is the crime for which Bradley Manning faces life in prison after being tortured by his own government for two years? The Army private first class is charged with having "aided the enemy" in violation of the Espionage Act. But who is the "enemy" he aided, other than his fellow Americans, who were alerted to the lies of their government thanks to his heroic actions?

Manning's attorney, David E. Coombs, called the charge "a scary proposition." He warned that it could be leveled against any whistleblower exposing government wrongdoing. "Right there, you will silence a lot of critics of our government, and that's what makes our government great—that we foster criticism and through it make changes. This is a very serious charge, not just for my client but for all of us in America."

In a rare public statement, Coombs condemned how Manning was treated during his nine months in solitary confinement at the Marine Corps Brig in Quantico, Virginia. "Brad's treatment at Quantico will forever be etched into our nation's history as a disgraceful moment in time," Coombs declared, noting that Manning had been "shackled during limited exercise periods and was at times not allowed his clothing and glasses." He emphasized, "Not only was it stupid and counterproductive; it was criminal."

It is the U.S. government that acted criminally in punishing someone who sought to do his duty by exposing government wrongdoing. The charges against Manning stem from his allegedly passing a video and a trove of classified documents to the website WikiLeaks, which not only posted the material but also shared it with the *New York Times* and two of Europe's most prestigious newspapers. All of the published reports—the so-called Afghan War Diary and Iraq War logs—contained information that the editors correctly thought the public had a need and right to know.

In performing this public service, the *New York Times* was protected by the First Amendment to the U.S. Constitution. Part of the Bill of Rights, it stipulates that Congress shall pass no law abridging freedom of the press or free speech, both of which were almost indistinguishable when the Constitution was adopted in 1787.

The "press" that the Founding Fathers referred to was not the huge corporate conglomerates of today but rather anyone who had the paper, ink and glue to post a leaflet on a wall. The Declaration of Independence was just such a broadsheet. It would seem a website like WikiLeaks would be covered by the same safeguards as those pre-Internet leaflets under both free-press and free-speech grounds.

So how can it be that for exercising his fundamental rights, Manning has been imprisoned under harsh conditions designed to psychologically break him? The quick-and-dirty answer is that he is an active-duty soldier and that the military's rigorous rules trump all others. Nonsense.

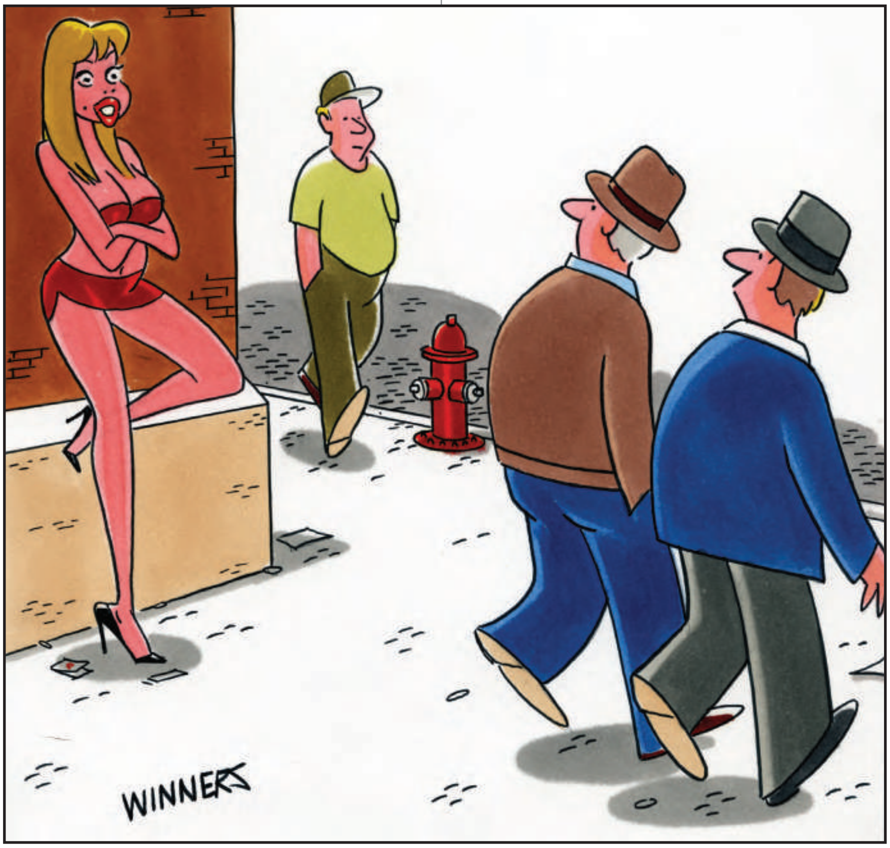
Following World War II, the U.S. government definitively demolished that argument when it conducted the Nuremberg War Crimes Tribunal. It held individual Germans responsible for their atrocious deeds irrespective of the defendants' claims that they were merely "following orders."

During his deployment to Iraq, Manning—an Army intelligence analyst—came across evidence of a major U.S. war crime: a video showing his fellow soldiers firing cannons from an attack helicopter, killing a group of Iraqi civilians along with two Iraqi journalists working for Reuters. That was a blatant act of terrorism that our government claims to oppose.

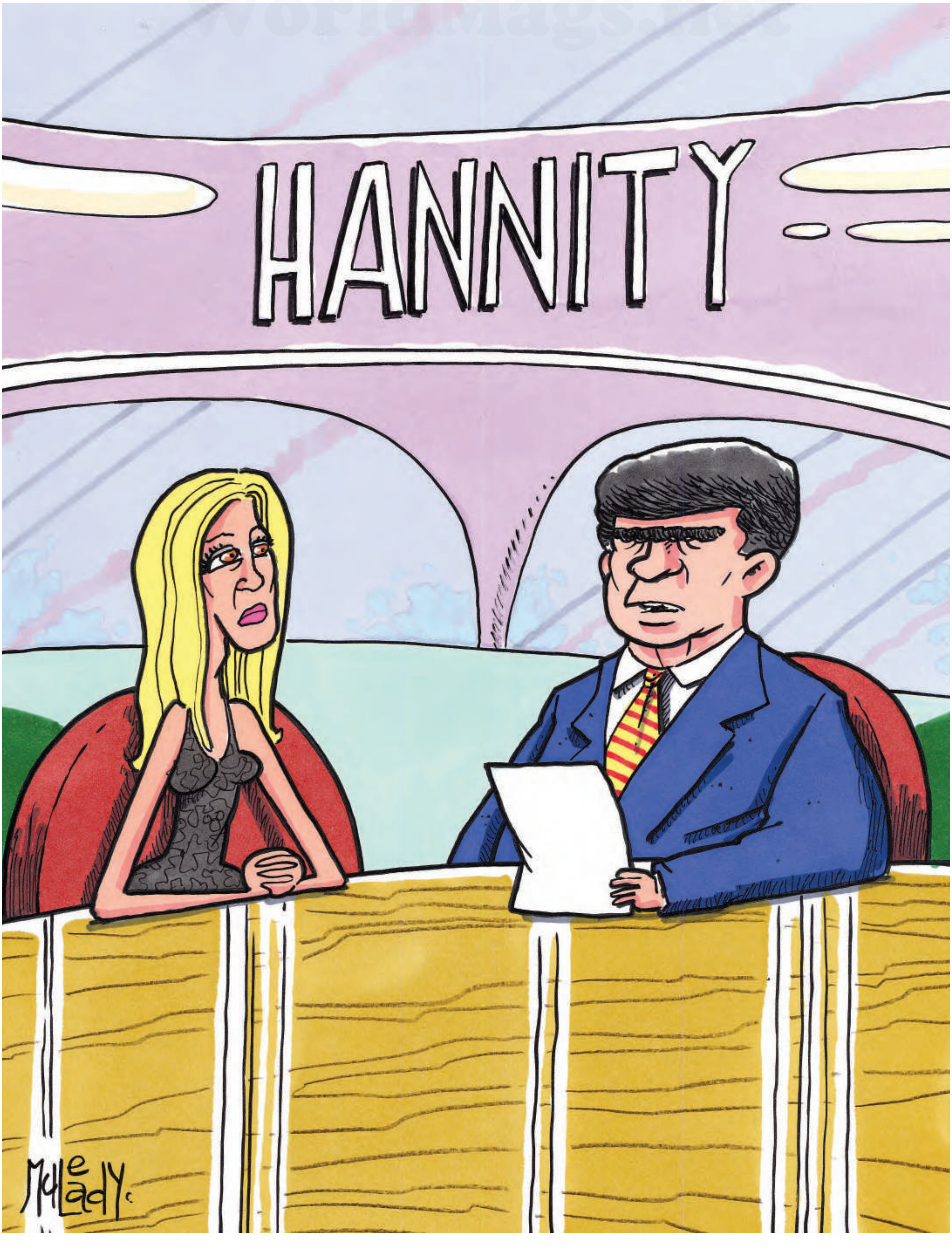
Manning should have been honored for exposing criminal behavior that violated international laws originally promulgated by the United States. The real "crime" that has roused the ire of his superiors—straight up the chain of command to President Barack Obama—has been that Manning revealed the truth to WikiLeaks and the *New York Times*, as well as Britain's *The Guardian* and Germany's *Der Spiegel*.

The soldier should have been lauded for leaking State Department and military secrets, not stripped of his right to due process. Accused by his own government of aiding the enemy, he now faces life in prison. The reasoning must be that the free press and the democracy dependent upon it have become the "enemy" that Bradley Manning aided.

Before serving almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. He is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*



"How is the economy ever going to improve if you two cheapskates won't spend any money?!"


HANNITY
McLeady

"So, Ms. Coulter, you're saying that Barack Obama is an even bigger retard than Sarah Palin's kid?"

THE FBI'S ACCELERATING WAR ON FREEDOM

WE'RE ALL INCREASINGLY VULNERABLE TO ABUSE IN THE ERA OF REPORTING "SUSPICIOUS" ACTIVITIES.

Among the chief celebrators of the Presidential reelection of the most voracious Big Brother in our history was the FBI, Barack Obama's tireless partner in putting this country under ubiquitous surveillance. But like the master spy in the White House, the FBI's head honcho has yet to be satisfied.

Robert Mueller's zeal has not waned since his May 9, 2012, appearance before the House Judiciary Committee, prompting this comment by Rense.com's Stephen Lendman: "America now wages war on freedom. It's perilously close to vanishing. One more major domestic terror attack may end it. Mueller wants unrestricted power to act."

He nearly has limitless power *and* multidimensional resources. In light of the fact that the FBI's tracking of us was never raised in 2012's Presidential debates, I expect very few Americans remember that in the final weeks of the George W. Bush Administration then-Attorney General Michael Mukasey issued "Guidelines for Domestic FBI Operations." As Lendman bristled, "Anyone may be investigated for any reason or none at all."

No wonder President Obama extended Mueller's term until September 4, 2013. And will he replace his shadowy cohort then?

Having rated an FBI file back in the 1960s, "Watch Hentoff," I in turn watch the FBI continually. I am horrified by its chronic lawlessness, and so is DefendingDissent.org, whose monthly reports I never miss. The Defending Dissent Foundation's vigilant website made me aware of a nationwide initiative on "Suspicious Activity Reporting."

It "encourages or requires police to collect information about a long list of legal activities that are considered 'suspicious,' including taking pictures (either of police, other security personnel or facilities, buildings or infrastructure)."

Of course, the FBI can do that too. Say an agent sees someone photographing a New York City police officer slamming a black teenager against a wall because he looked "suspicious." Anyone snapping such a picture to show how evil U.S. police are just might—thanks to law enforcement's tendency to overreact—be connected to an organization supporting terrorism.

As DefendingDissent.org reported, here's what happened when Mueller's agents and local cops banded together in the Pacific Northwest on July 27, 2012: "Dozens of police and FBI agents dressed in paramilitary gear and carrying assault rifles staged a pre-dawn raid on several activist homes…in Seattle, Olympia and Portland, and the search warrant listed 'Anti-government or anarchist literature or material' among the items to be seized.'"

The FBI has also wielded its ever-expanding powers in Boston, Massachusetts, where I grew up and where my reporting and commentary on radio station WMEX caught the attention of the city police and the Feds. But I never thought that having a passionate attachment to the First Amendment would generate as much official hostility there as it does today.

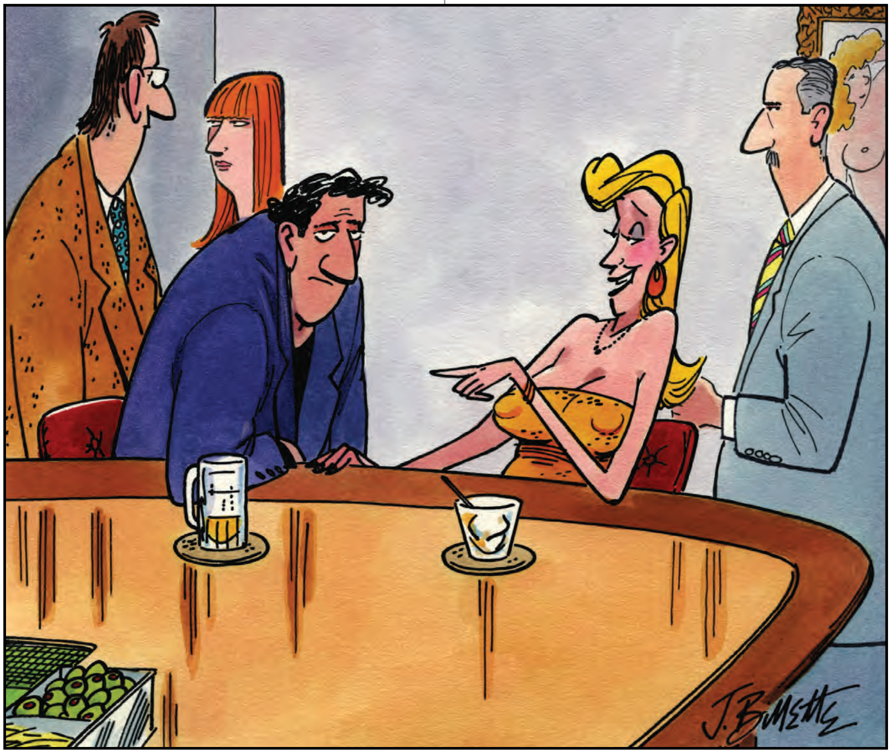
DefendingDissent.org reported that Boston police "have been caught compiling intelligence reports and incident reports on peaceful protests, logging them under the heading of Criminal Activity with the labels 'Groups Extremist' and 'Homeland Security-Domestic.'"

The ACLU of Massachusetts and the Massachusetts Chapter of the National Lawyers Guild have documents and video-surveillance tapes revealing that "officers assigned to the Boston Regional Intelligence Center (BRIC) at the Boston Police Department are collecting and keeping information about constitutionally protected speech and political activity…we don't know how far and wide the information was shared."

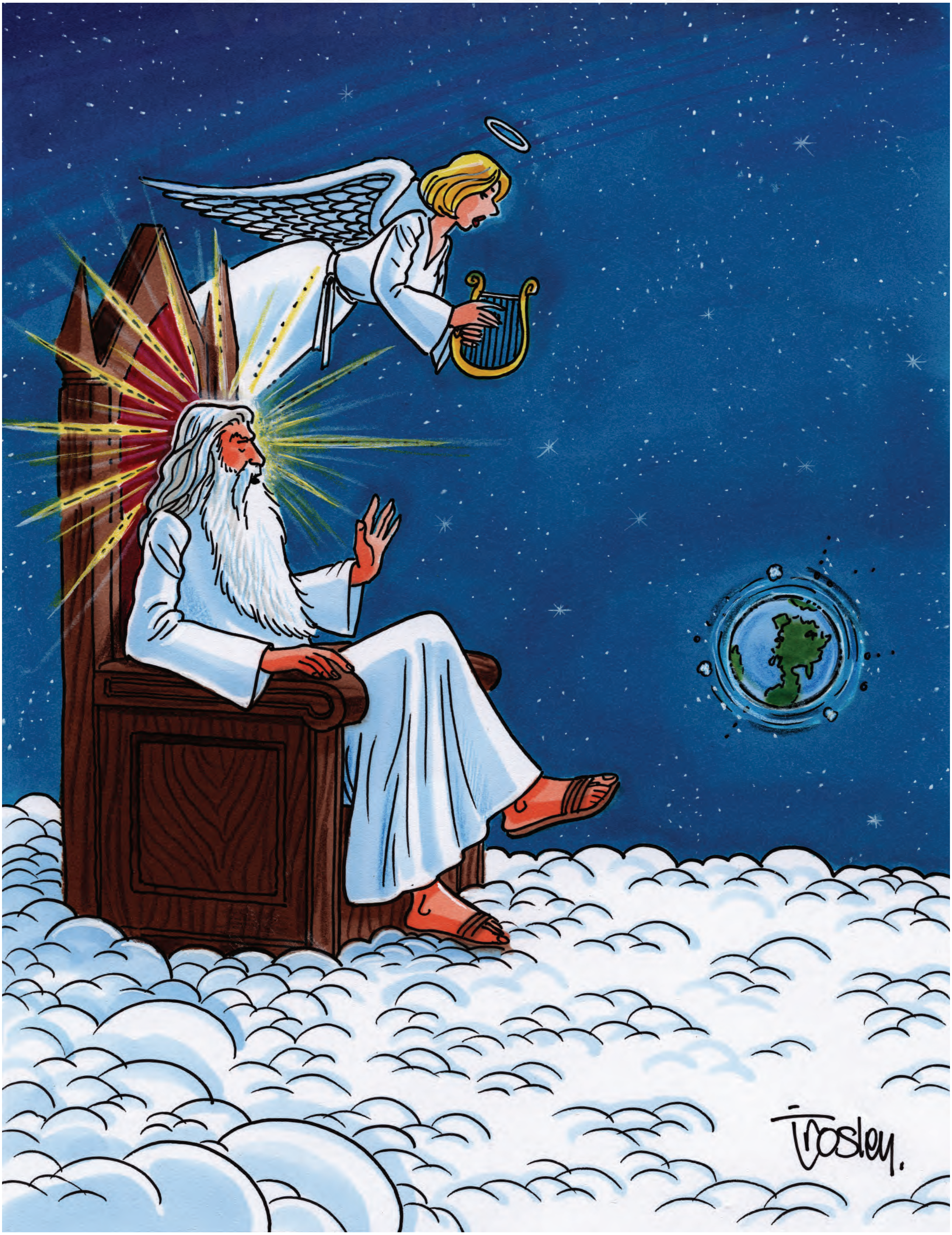
As DefendingDissent.org disclosed, an "'Intelligence Report' on an antiwar speech at a church was kept for over five years. … It is clear from the report that police had infiltrated meetings of the peace coalition, or had access to meeting notes or minutes."

I attended Boston Latin School. It was founded in 1635, and one of my fellow alumni was a key enflamer of the American Revolution, Samuel Adams. If he, the Sons of Liberty and the Committees of Correspondence that spread the factual reasons for the Declaration of Independence throughout the colonies were still with us, their grievances would include what the FBI is up to: illegally spying on millions of law-abiding citizens.

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America* and *Living the Bill of Rights*.

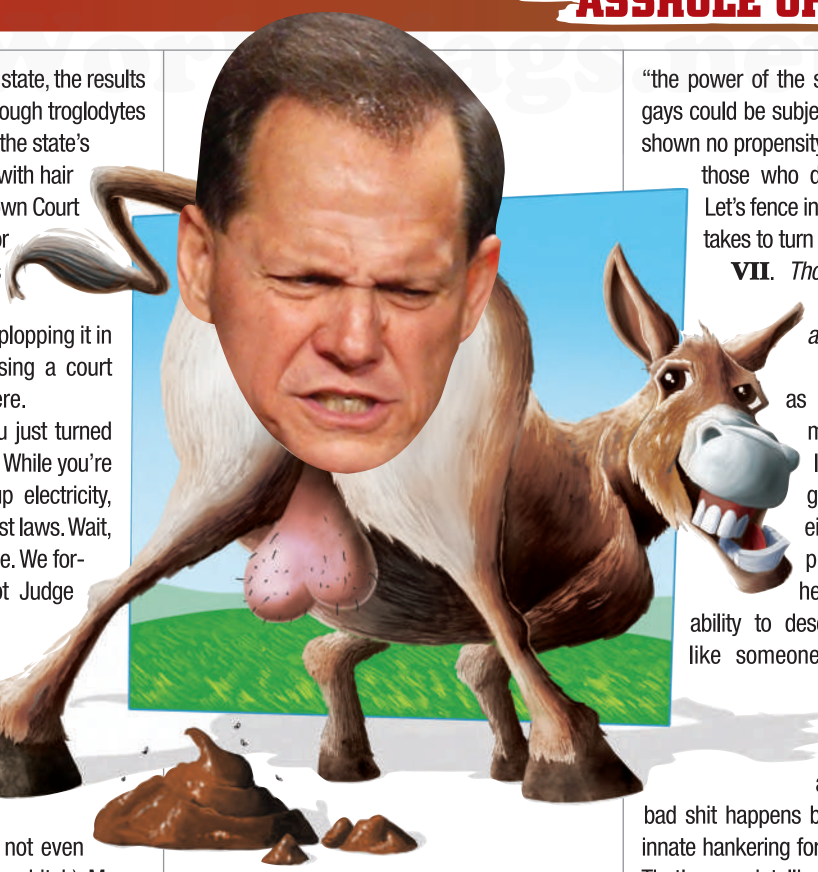


"Oh, wait, we *have* met! Stockbroker, beach house, BMW convertible, needle-dick, eight-second fuck…"



"I was thinking of having another son. But today, with all that paternity crap… damn DNA tests…child support…I say *fuck* it!"

ROY MOORE



In America's race for stupidest state, the results are in. Alabama is home to enough troglodytes to actually reelect Roy Moore as the state's chief justice. This shit for brains with hair plugs was ousted by Alabama's own Court of the Judiciary back in 2003 for blowing tons of taxpayer dollars on a hunk of rock with the Ten Commandments carved on it—plopping it in the judicial building, then refusing a court order to get it the hell out of there.

In other words, Alabama, you just turned the clock back over 3,000 years. While you're at it, be consistent and give up electricity, dentistry, running water and incest laws. Wait, incest is okay in the Heart of Dixie. We forgot. That must be how we got Judge Moore in the first place.

Let's look at the ol' decalogue through his dark lens:

I. *Thou shalt have no law above Roy Moore's.*

Like the old motherfucker in the sky who insists puny humans kiss his ass and not even look at another god (typical jealous bitch), Moore thinks the courts are there to do the paperwork after he decides what's right. Moore argues that it's not his law but God's—meaning *his* God.

Moore recently said that secular government "that is denying God" would eventually lead to Islamic law in the United States. Yes, Sharia law would suck balls, which is why it would be unconstitutional—just like Christian theocracy. Non-religious government doesn't deny God; it keeps crazy shit like talking snakes and rock-carving fingers of fire out of the lawmaking process. "It would bother me if a judge told me how I had to believe," Moore once said. So you know how we feel, Judge.

II. *Thou shalt not make any graven image, unless it's of Roy Moore carving the Big Ten.*

The jurist's vaulting hubris—from enshrining the Golden Calf known as "Roy's Rock" to naming himself the voice of divine law—is an obvious violation of the humility taught by scripture. Moore even enlisted his wife Kayla to spam Alabamians with emails proclaiming him the "national spokesperson for Christian conservatism." How's that for humble?

III. *Thou shalt not not take the name of God in vain unless it makes a bitchin' book title.*

Calling his autobiography *So Help Me God*, Moore argues that the Founding Fathers habitually swore oaths to God and intended the Constitution to specify allegiance to a Christian deity. Actually, bona fide historians have documented that the only Founders who took Moore's position back then were those *against* ratifying the Constitution.

IV. *Remember to beg God for stuff every Sunday because it sure as shit works for Roy Moore.*

It may seem like a miracle that Moore is back in office after being a public shitbird for decades, but God's got nothing to do with it. If there's one entity Moore should be on his knees thanking, it's his mortal foe, the American Civil Liberties Union. Before it sued him the first time for hanging the Ten Commandments behind his bench and leading pre-session prayers, he was a nobody. Two lawsuits later he was "Ten Commandments Judge" Moore. Without that ACLU godsend, he'd be just another senile coot in a robe.

V. *Honor thy father and thy mother because they brainwashed you first.*

Moore relates that he grew up with a father who "shared with me the truth about God's love." It's a good bet the pious codger didn't spare the rod either. A bag of venom like Roy takes some nurturing. When Moore commanded an MP unit during the Vietnam War, his troops hated the hardass so much, he had to sleep on sandbags so he wouldn't get fragged in his sleep by a grenade of justice rolling under his cot.

VI. *Thou shalt not kill anybody but the ones God doesn't like according to a hodgepodge of politically motivated writing thousands of years old.*

Alabama has been offing death-row inmates for 200 years, but now a theocrat will be wielding "the power of the sword." Once indicating that gays could be subject to "execution," Moore has shown no propensity for mercy when it comes to those who defy his Old Testament will. Let's fence in Alabama and see how long it takes to turn into a real-life *Walking Dead*.

VII. *Thou shalt not commit adultery—or any other kind of adult fun.*

God forbid your sex life isn't as geriatric and trapped in a moribund marriage as Moore's. If the judge ain't having a good time, thou shalt not either. As for gay sex, Moore proclaimed it "an act so heinous that it defies one's ability to describe it." Don't that sound like someone who tried it and forgot the lube? "Until we reject those evils," he moaned, "we shall suffer accordingly." In other words, bad shit happens because some guys have an innate hankering for dick and some ladies don't. That's some intelligent design, that is.

VIII. *Thou shalt not steal, which is why there are so many other words for it.*

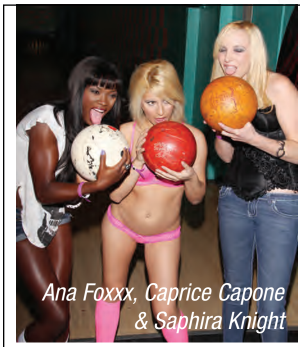
Like earmarking taxpayer funds and church contributions for the biblical boondoggle that boosted his profile but didn't help a soul.

IX. *Thou shalt not bear false witness unless it's for political gain.*

During his attorney years, Moore was dogged by investigations for accusing his enemies of "suspect conduct." His claims were tossed out. He also lied about Coral Ridge Ministries, saying "I have no connection" after it poured moolah into his Ten Commandments fight. Most of the campaign cash that put this low-rent Moses back into office came from Michael Peroutka, a lawyer tied to League of the South, a gaggle of white supremacists who do their damnedest to keep the slack-jaw redneck stereotype alive. Moore's response? "I have no idea what they stood for." Peroutka, by the way, also likes to appear on a white-power radio show called *The Political Cesspool*. God is one ironic motherfucker.

X. *Thou shalt not covet crap that ain't yours, like happiness and freedom.*

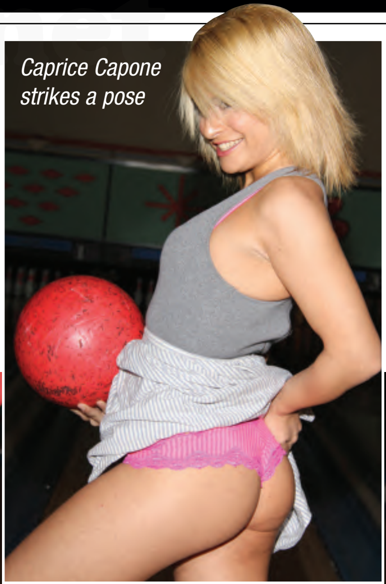
Just because you're miserable, Judge, no need to make everyone else the same way. As Alabamians voted in their Chief Troglodyte, the *New York Times* reported that even Republicans were "despondent" about how Roy Moore's victory would affect the state's image. Amen to that. Not even Lynyrd Skynyrd could bring Alabama back from this one.



Ana Foxxx, Caprice Capone & Saphira Knight

NO BLUE BALLS HERE

Any red-blooded American knows there's only one thing that could make bowling better: Pack the alley with naked chicks! While public nudity is generally frowned upon in family-friendly amusement centers, the dress code for the recent "Bare Bowling" event in North Hollywood, California, was considerably looser. Caprice Capone, Ana Foxxx and other porn stars disrobed before rolling their balls and toppling pins—all for a good cause too. The event benefited PAW, an organization that provides advice and assistance for those in the XXX industry.



Caprice Capone strikes a pose

Lana Sands lets it roll

MONTROSE BOWL

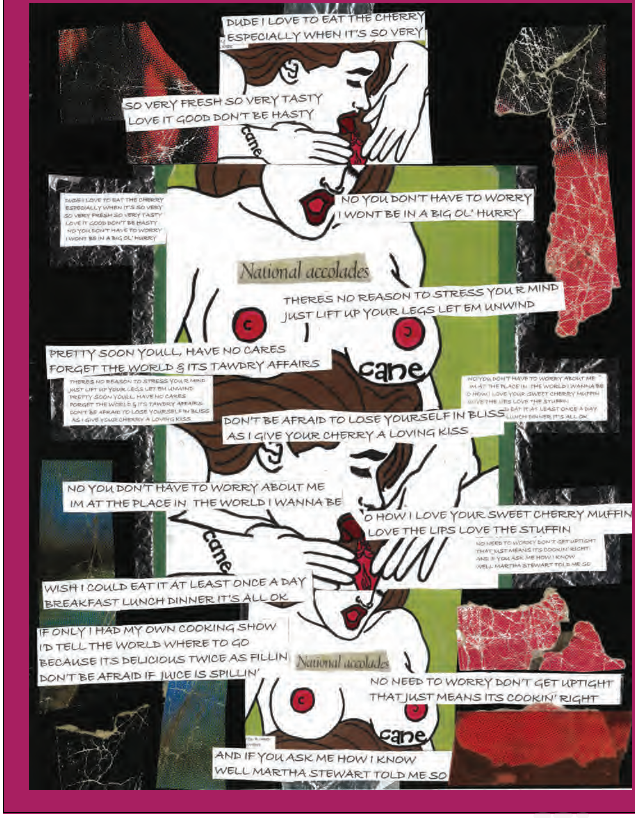
Lana visits Missy V's back alley

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

"God is a comedian playing to an audience too afraid to laugh."—VOLTAIRE, FRENCH PHILOSOPHER

PUSSY POWER

Wild man Jeremy Cane has been on HUSTLER's radar for a while. A semi-perverted, brutally honest and always entertaining outlaw writer and artist, Cane deftly combines filthy, funny poetry with colorful, abstract erotic art. We admire his creative spirit and the fact that he lives by his own Bukowski-esque rules. Who else would roam the streets selling poetry books to the masses with a pair of XXX legend Christy Canyon's panties on his head?


DUDE I LOVE TO EAT THE CHERRY
ESPECIALLY WHEN IT'S SO VERY
SO VERY FRESH SO VERY TASTY
LOVE IT GOOD DON'T BE HASTY
cane
NO YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY
I WONT BE IN A BIG OL' HURRY
National accolades
THERES NO REASON TO STRESS YOUR MIND
JUST LIFT UP YOUR LEGS LET EM UNWIND
PRETTY SOON YOULL HAVE NO CARES
FORGET THE WORLD & ITS TAWDRY AFFAIRS
cane
DON'T BE AFRAID TO LOSE YOURSELF IN BLISS
AS I GIVE YOUR CHERRY A LOVING KISS
NO YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ME
IM AT THE PLACE IN THE WORLD I WANNA BE
O HOW I LOVE YOUR SWEET CHERRY MUFFIN
LOVE THE LIPS LOVE THE STUFFIN
cane
WISH I COULD EAT IT AT LEAST ONCE A DAY
BREAKFAST LUNCH DINNER IT'S ALL OK
IF ONLY I HAD MY OWN COOKING SHOW
I'D TELL THE WORLD WHERE TO GO
BECAUSE ITS DELICIOUS TWICE AS FILLIN
DON'T BE AFRAID IF JUICE IS SPILLIN'
National accolades
NO NEED TO WORRY DON'T GET UPTIGHT
THAT JUST MEANS ITS COOKIN' RIGHT
cane
AND IF YOU ASK ME HOW I KNOW
WELL MARTHA STEWART TOLD ME SO

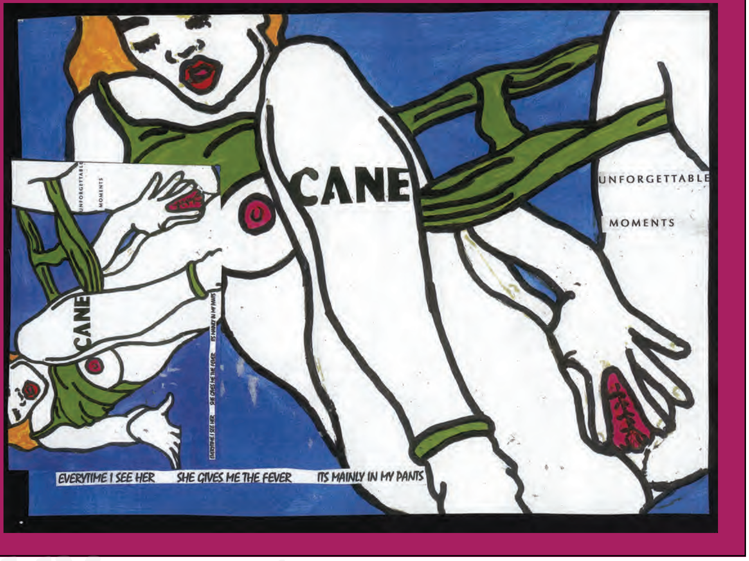

CANE
UNFORGETTABLE
MOMENTS
CANE
EVERYTIME I SEE HER
SHE GIVES ME THE FEVER
ITS MAINLY IN MY PANTS

PHOTO COURTESY JEREMY CANE

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD *Jenna Fischer* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

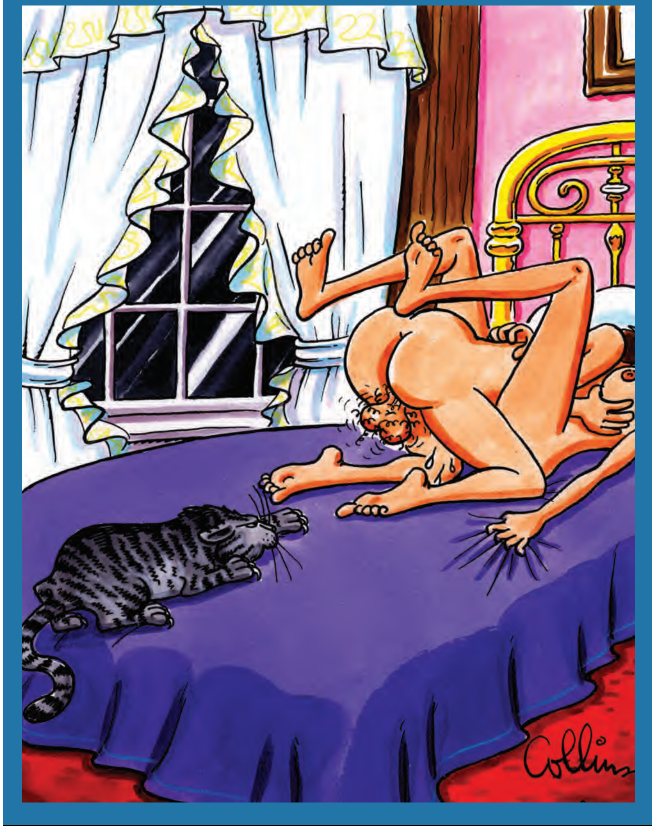
With the NBC sitcom *The Office* finally going off the air, we're hopeful that its last installment gives fans the closure they need. For the past nine years, *The Office* has been steadily building toward an inevitable climax: Jenna Fischer's character Pam goes to a séance and accidentally gets possessed by a demon named Sally V. Suckington, who takes over Jenna's body and compels her to fellate each and every one of her coworkers. That's what this program's been building toward, right? Or have we just been smoking too much salvia during our prime-time viewing?

DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Jenna Fischer actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

PORN FROM THE PAST

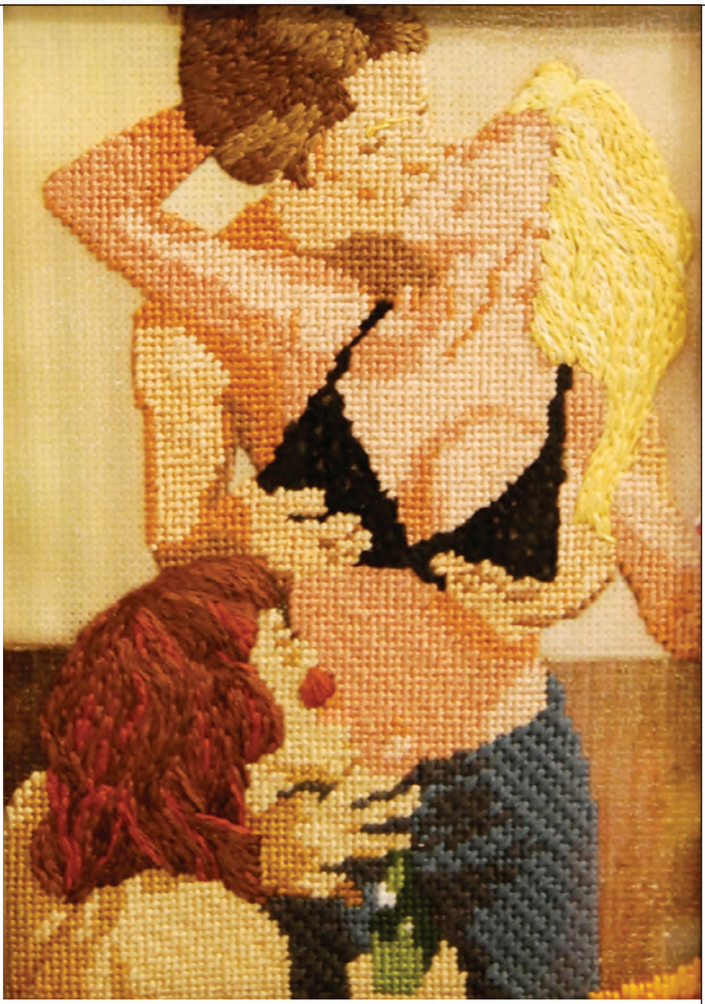
From the waist up, this wholesome babe looks like she's posing for a passport photo. From the waist down, she's reminding the photographer of how she plans to pay for the session. Thanks to B.O. of San Gabriel, California, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS



"My view of life is, if you're going to miss heaven, why miss it by two inches?" —SAM KINISON, COMEDIAN

THIS AIN'T YOUR GRANDMA'S NEEDLEPOINT



A lanky lady with dirty-blond hair and a mischievous smile, Ellen Schinderman has the amazing ability to cross something you watched Grandma do with acts you never wanted to think of her doing.

The road to high (or lowbrow) art started for the future eroticist at NYU's Tisch School of the Arts, where she majored in drama. After graduating, she gave stand-up comedy a shot until landing writing jobs in film and TV. Itching to spread her creative wings, Schinderman turned to needlepoint, a childhood hobby she'd learned from an upstairs neighbor in New York City. But years without needle and thread left her a tad rusty.

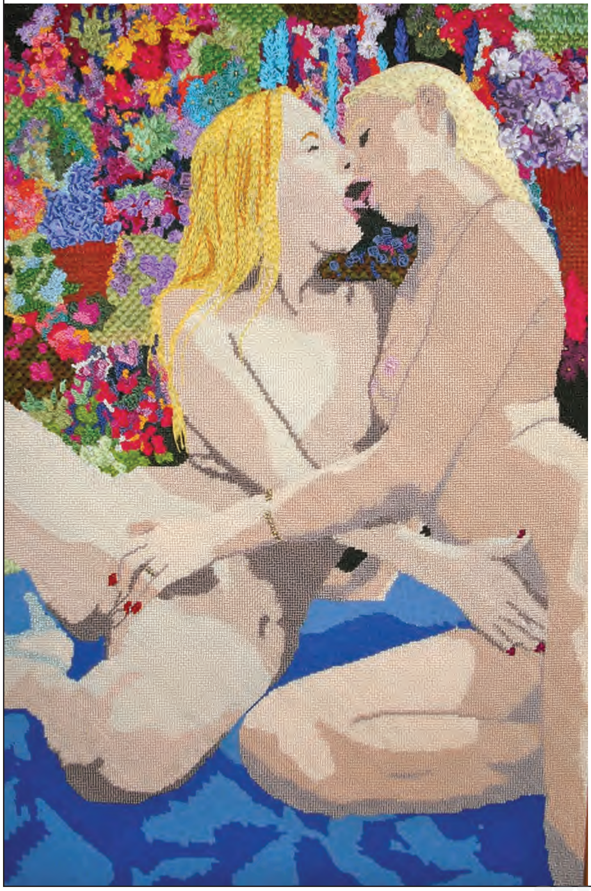
"I went to relearn at a store in Brentwood," Ellen tells me. "It was a rather upscale area [in Los Angeles] with all these Jewish ladies making Tallis bags for their sons' bar mitzvahs and me." Her first creation, "Harry's Happy Day," captured *Deep Throat* star Harry Reems getting a blowjob.

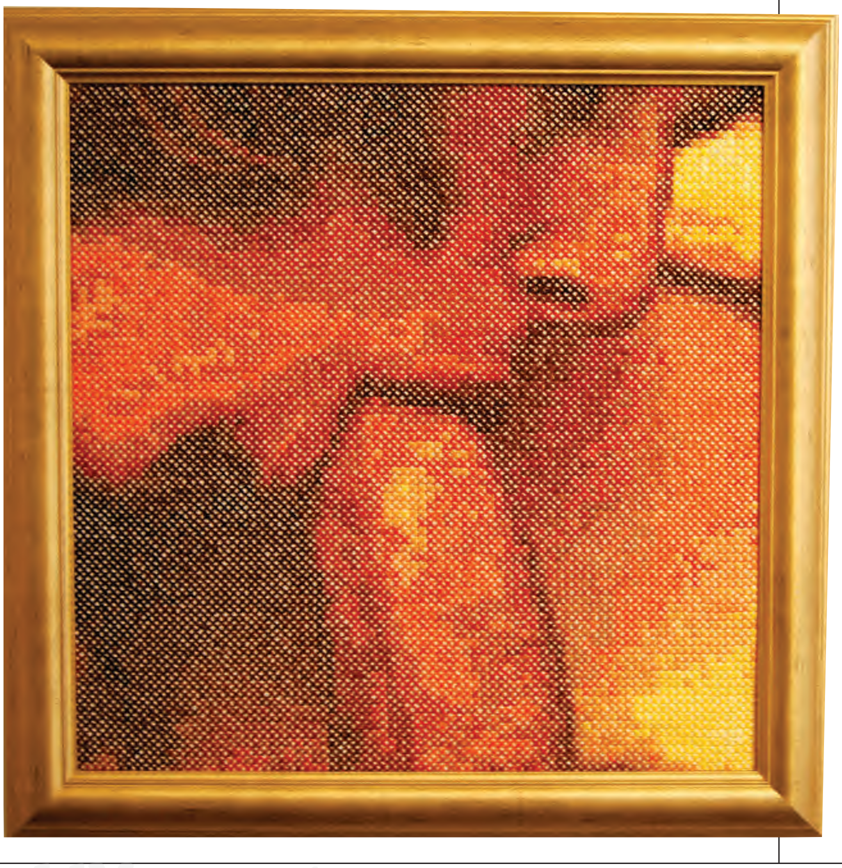
From there Schinderman began adorning pillows, rugs and large blankets with her handcrafted erotica. She even does dirty doilies. After a few private showings, she went public, and the reaction was rousing—especially in the home of hardcore, L.A.

"I feel so lucky," Ellen marvels. "I get to make things that amuse me and that others seem to enjoy as well."

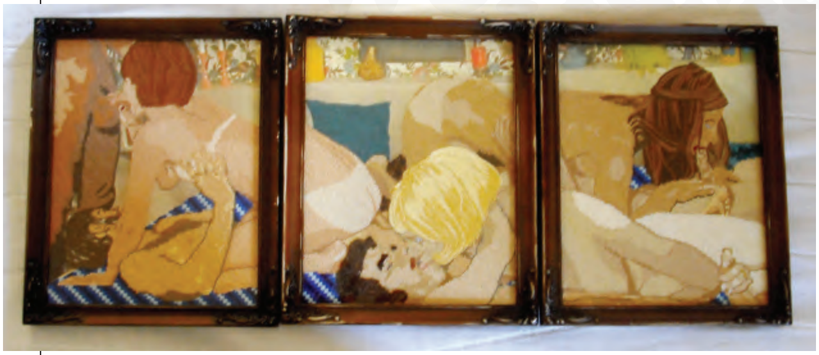
A crafty gal with talented fingers and porn as a muse. Who can't dig that? For more, check out **Schindermania.com**.

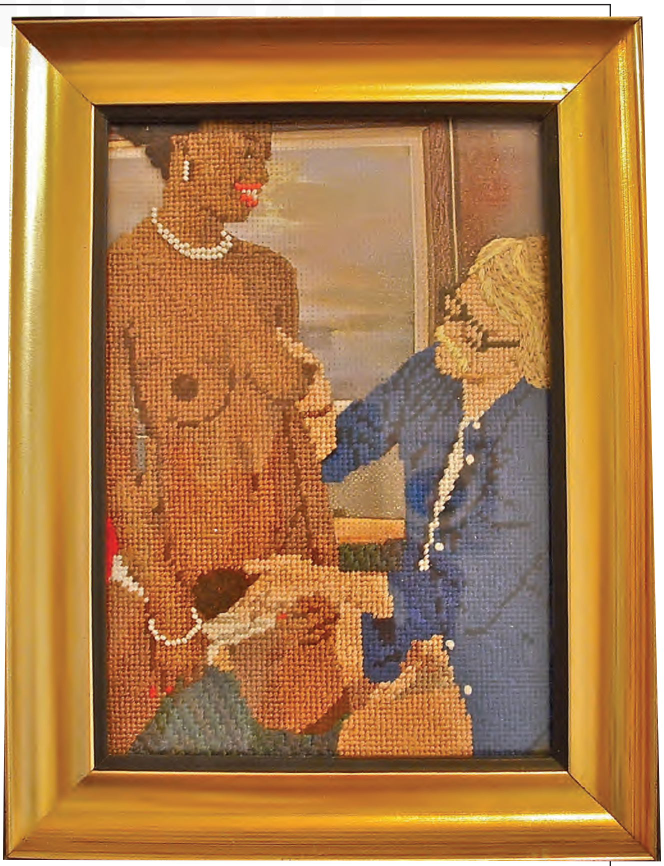
—Iann Robinson

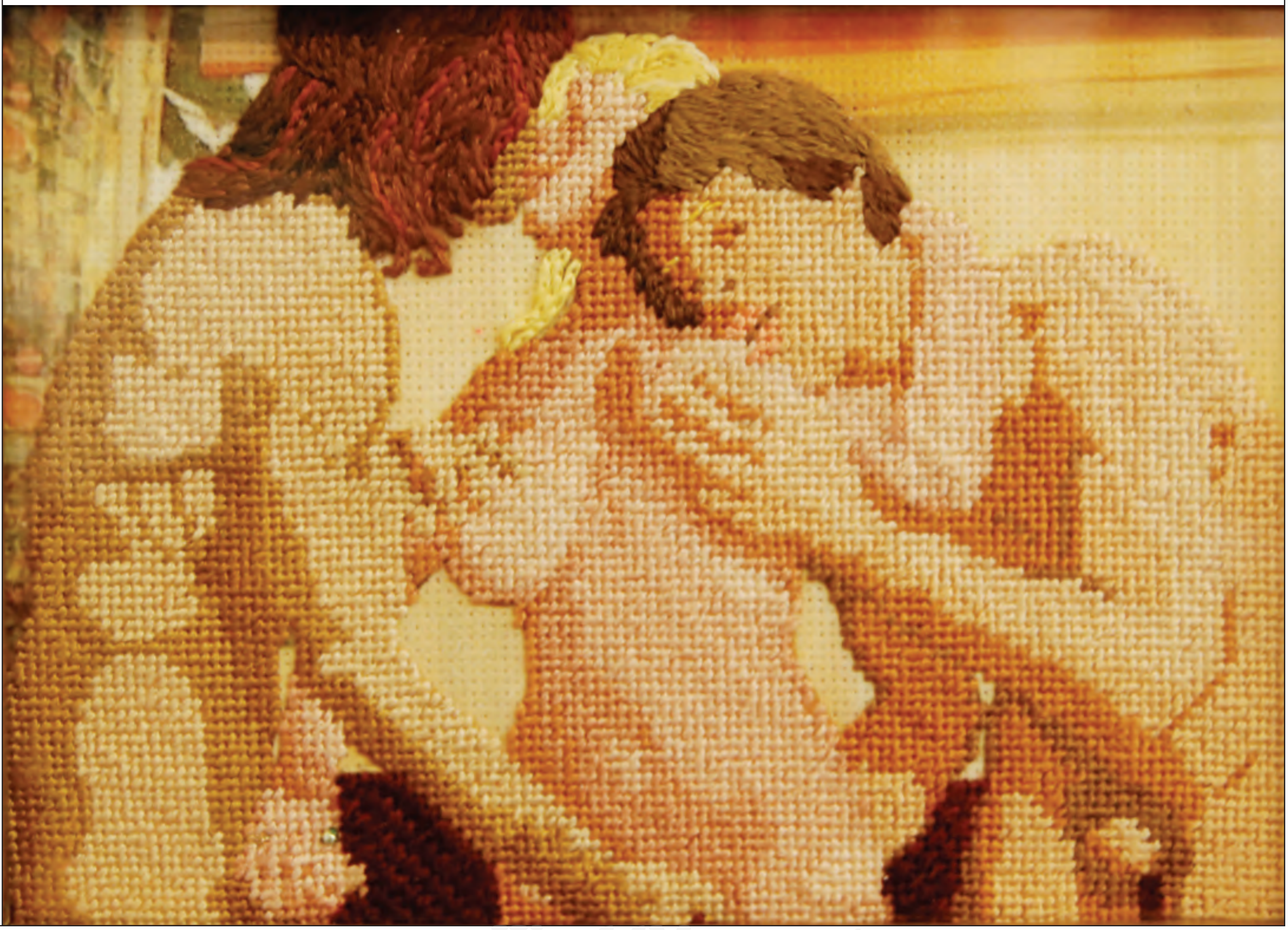




"The only difference between the Christian God and a mass murderer is that the mass murderer actually exists." —RICHARD DAWKINS, BIOLOGIST







Rikki Rocks!

The February '13 issue of HUSTLER is easily your best effort in months. The layout *Let's Get Soaked* with two blondes was fun in a very nasty way. It should have been several pages longer.

But Rikki Six [*Submissive Sexpot*] is what really stands out. You brilliantly put a very revealing photo of her on the cover. Long-haired blonde with bangs, huge jugs and black boots—everything I want in a woman. Rikki gets a perfect 12 out of 12 for eye contact. I can gaze into every inch of her gloriously naked photos. The best pic of Rikki Six was saved for last: the one on the back of her centerfold is as good as it gets in porn. Her layout is so damn good.

I certainly hope to see Rikki back again in HUSTLER—alone or with a guy or gal—and in your dirty movies. It's rare for Jesse Jane [*Jesse Jane's Oral Fixation*] to be number two in any mag, but she is in this HUSTLER. **—Bill Smith**
Chicago, Illinois

HUMP DAY
CUM PARTY
$3 STEAKS WEDS

Sign of the Times

I saw a sign that made me stop and think: A cum party sounds kind of messy, especially while I'm trying to enjoy a $3 steak. Well, if you're ever in the mood for a Hump Day Cum Party, the Shangri La East in Fort Wayne, Indiana, is your place.
—James Tatum
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Dicks & Chicks

The prick in Jeffrey Ross's mouth [February '13] gave me an idea: Why doesn't Larry Flynt do a celebrity roast? He's a great sport. (In *The People vs. Larry Flynt* he sentenced himself.) He has nothing to be ashamed of! And being Larry Flynt, he has nothing to hide.

I do have a couple of complaints, though, about Ross's "Dick in the Mouth" fantasy. You never said what his Flynt joke was. What are you afraid of? Second, there are no more cool prize giveaways anymore. Why?

Oh, and one final request: Get Amy Schumer to pose or at least put a dick in her mouth. If not, put her head on a HUSTLER model, but be sure the urethra, clitoris and unairbrushed asshole are visible!
—Daniel M. Connole
Salt Lake City, Utah

Here's Jeffrey Ross's joke: "Charlie Sheen is to stand-up what Larry Flynt is to standing up." As for comic Amy Schumer, we're hoping to interview her soon. And follow us on Twitter for more giveaways @HustlerMag.

One Step Ahead

After the Presidential election, I conceived an idea I thought you might find interesting. Picture this: Speaker of the House John Boehner standing upright with Obama on his knees with John's dick in his mouth. John has Obama by the ears, and the caption reads: "Oh...Bama...Oh...Bama...Yes...I'll do it...taxes...more taxes...whatever you want...just don't stop!"

I'm not interested in payment or credit of any sort. I just thought it seemed appropriate for your magazine at this unique time. However, if you do decide to use it, I would appreciate a copy of the issue it's in. **—Danny Odom**
Newton, Kansas

February 2013's covergirl Rikki Six proves that a well-oiled formula never gets old: blond hair, big boobs and black boots.

That *is* a great idea, Danny! Too bad we already thought of it! Check out *The Boehning of Obama* in our September '11 issue.

Wages of Sin

I am writing to you in response to the article *I, Sex Addict* by Lera Gavin [December '12]. As a straight woman myself, I have five questions to ask the author about this deceptive behavior: Can female sexuality be biased also? Why do many Americans see male sexuality as biased? Does our culture stigmatize sex as evil because many religious doctrines do so? Who has the greatest financial benefit in bartering for sex? What is the true goal for anyone using sex as a personal weapon?

I have personally experienced many situations, some uncomfortable, and it's difficult to actually comprehend the mental, physical and spiritual responsibilities of several sex acts. I really feel where the author is coming from.
—Elise M. Curry
Syracuse, New York

Fan Fervor

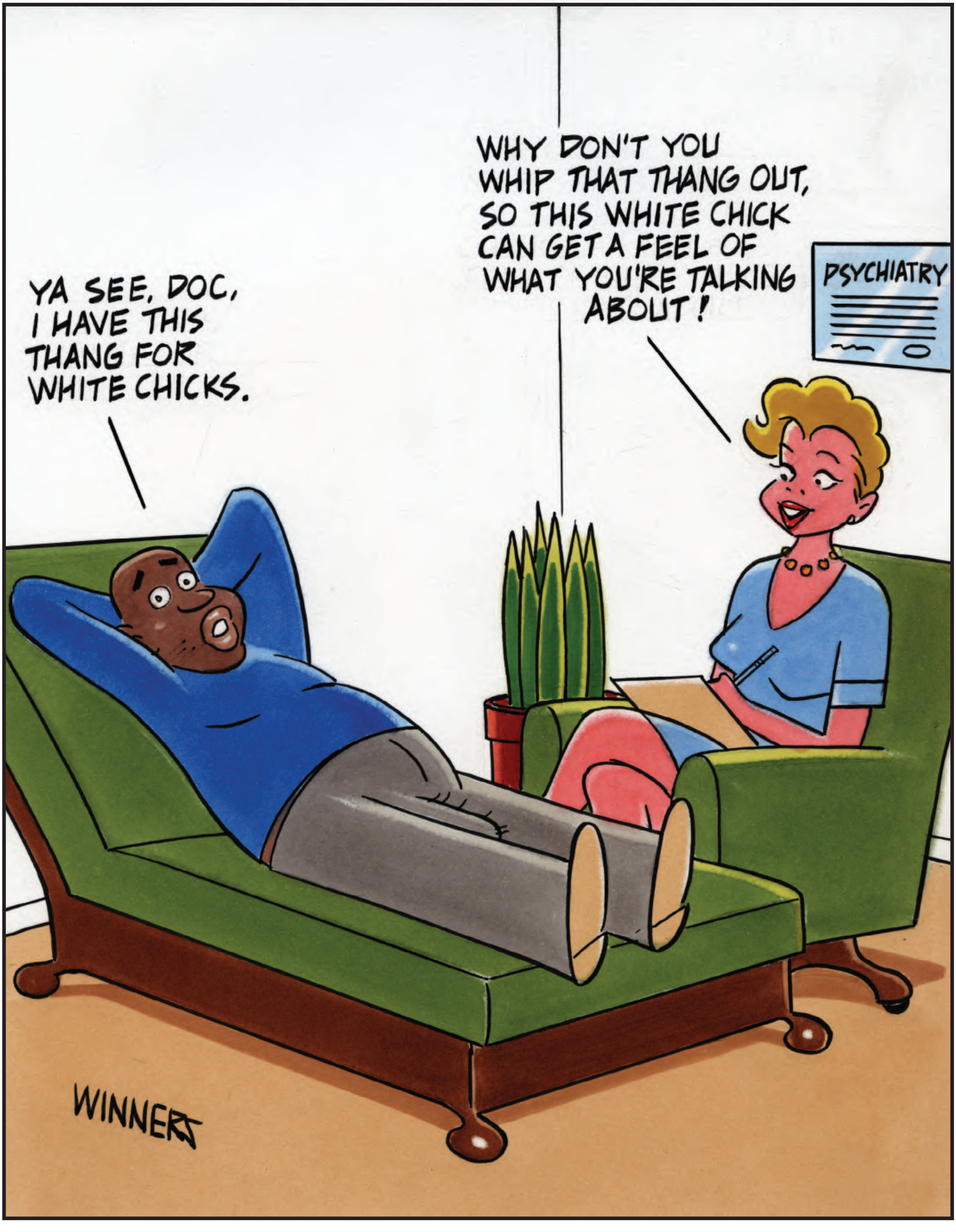
I really liked the February '13 issue. I'm a big fan of April O'Neil [*Hardcore Showcase* review: *Godfather XXX*]. I think she is one of the hottest ladies in adult films. Do you know how I can order her films? I don't have a computer.

I also liked two of the ladies in *Beaver Hunt*. Shelly, the happily married MILF from Charleston, South Carolina, would make a great neighbor. I'd love to come home from work and see her blowing her husband in my hot tub. I'd get in and slide my long, thick cock in her pussy so hard, Shelly would probably gag on her husband's cock and cum all over mine.

Star Breezy from Ashtabula, Ohio, sounds like she'd be great on camping trips. I'd love to see her getting all her holes stuffed in the woods or bent over a bale of hay with people standing around rubbing their pussies and stroking their cocks. Thank you, HUSTLER, for, as always, another great issue.
—Shawn Connelly
Kansas City, Missouri

To order HUSTLER videos featuring April O'Neil—*Barely Legal #108*, *Daddy's Little Runaways*, *This Ain't Saved by the Bell*, *This Ain't Dirty Jobs XXX* and *Virgin Cowgirls*—call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit HustlerStore.com.

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.


YA SEE, DOC, I HAVE THIS THANG FOR WHITE CHICKS.
WHY DON'T YOU WHIP THAT THANG OUT, SO THIS WHITE CHICK CAN GET A FEEL OF WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!
PSYCHIATRY
WINNERT

SHADES OF PINK

CHARLEE MONROE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM

Charlee Monroe is uniquely gorgeous but in one way at least she's just the same as millions of other women around the globe. "I'm obsessed with the *Fifty Shades of Grey* trilogy," **Charlee** admits. "Reading those books makes me fantasize about having rough, passionate sex—being tied up included."

Unlike most gals who've perused the pages of E.L. James's bestsellers, **Charlee** didn't need *Fifty Shades of Grey* to introduce her to the world of kinky sex. She's had a few wild experiences of her own. "I did a female domination scene once," **Charlee** recalls, "and the guy came in his own mouth. I still get the giggles anytime I think about it."

The Californian sexpot's unabashed interest in edgy intercourse doesn't stop her from pining for a perfect partner. "I would like to find true love," **Charlee** reveals. "It might sound cheesy, but I still believe it's a real thing."

As for her rather unusual stage name, **Charlee** readily opens up about its origins: "I love unisex names. For some reason I find them incredibly hot. And of course I chose Monroe because of Marilyn. She's one of my favorite women of all time."

Wanna see MM fan **Charlee Monroe** getting down and dirty? Pick up *Barely Legal #133* from HUSTLER Video. To order, call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or go to **HustlerStore.com**.

CHARLEE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Newport Beach, California | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Taurus | HEIGHT: 5-8 | WEIGHT: 120

TANYA TATE COSPLAY GODDESS

Under that She-Ra costume is a mild-mannered hardcore porn star—*but don't tell anybody.*

by Anthony Petkovich

I'm at the Marriott hotel in Torrance, California, waiting for a superheroine. Anywhere else, that would make me one lucky guy. But this is PowerCon, where I'll have to share my play date—the gorgeous Tanya Tate—with hordes of guys. The two-day convention is devoted to all things He-Man.

He-*what?*

The mid-'80s cartoon show for kids was about Prince Adam, a dude from the planet Eternia who could transform into a muscle-bound dynamo dubbed He-Man. He battled evil, of course, with the help of an all-powerful, talking sword. I expect to see more than one He-Man before the day is out. A big PowerCon draw is its cosplay insanity. This is a world Tanya Tate, who has a booth here, is deep into.

Cos-*what?*

Combining the words *costume* and *play*, cosplay involves conventioneers clad in superhero garb who often stage mini-performances for fans. Examples: "Stop, fair maiden!" and "Come and get me, saucy soldier!" Real Oscar-worthy stuff.

Tanya arrives, looking every bit the goddess in a sexy, virgin-white, one-piece with a red cape. She's dressed as He-Man's twin sister She-Ra, who had a spinoff show of her own that some have called a showcase of feminist empowerment. Basically, the babes on it kicked ass. Tanya's She-Ra channeling would be perfect were it not for her heavy-duty Liverpool accent, which you couldn't chop with a meat cleaver. >>

PHOTO BY ANTHONY PETKOVICH

TANYA TATE COSPLAY GODDESS

"Sorry I'm late," she tells me. "I had trouble with me GPS."

I ask her about the genesis of her cosplay fetish. "I went to the San Diego Comic-Con two years ago," Tanya recalls, "saw people dressed as superheroes and was enthralled. *Oh my God,* I thought. *What's going on here?* So the next year I got meself a costume and decided to go dressed as Emma Frost from *X-Men.*

"It was a different feeling being at a location with your clothes on, and people asking you, 'Hey, can I take your photograph?!' I'm looking down at meself thinking, *Wow! I'm not naked.* I liked it! So I never promote myself as an adult star at these events."

To escape from boring clerical jobs, Tanya began her porn career in 2008, before moving to the States in 2010. Now 33, the British import has been in over a hundred flicks and fucks, frankly, like a madwoman. For proof, check her out in the new, costume-filled *Spartacus MMXII* porn parody. (Review on pages 80-81.)

A tall, curvaceous creature in her late 20s approaches for a photo with Tanya. "It's because of the whole She-Ra thing," the fan says. She's excited. Ms. Tate complies. I snap the photo, then waste no time finding out whether She-Ra hooks up.

"Let's just say I'm an old-fashioned girl at heart," Tanya confides. "I like men to literally open doors for me and treat me to dinner. I find females attractive but wouldn't want to be in a relationship with one. I like a guy lookin' after me—even though I do a lot of me own lookin' after."

Tanya takes a bunch of self-portraits amid tweeting and tending to her myriad online outlets. "It's so me fans know where I am today!

continues on page 56 >>

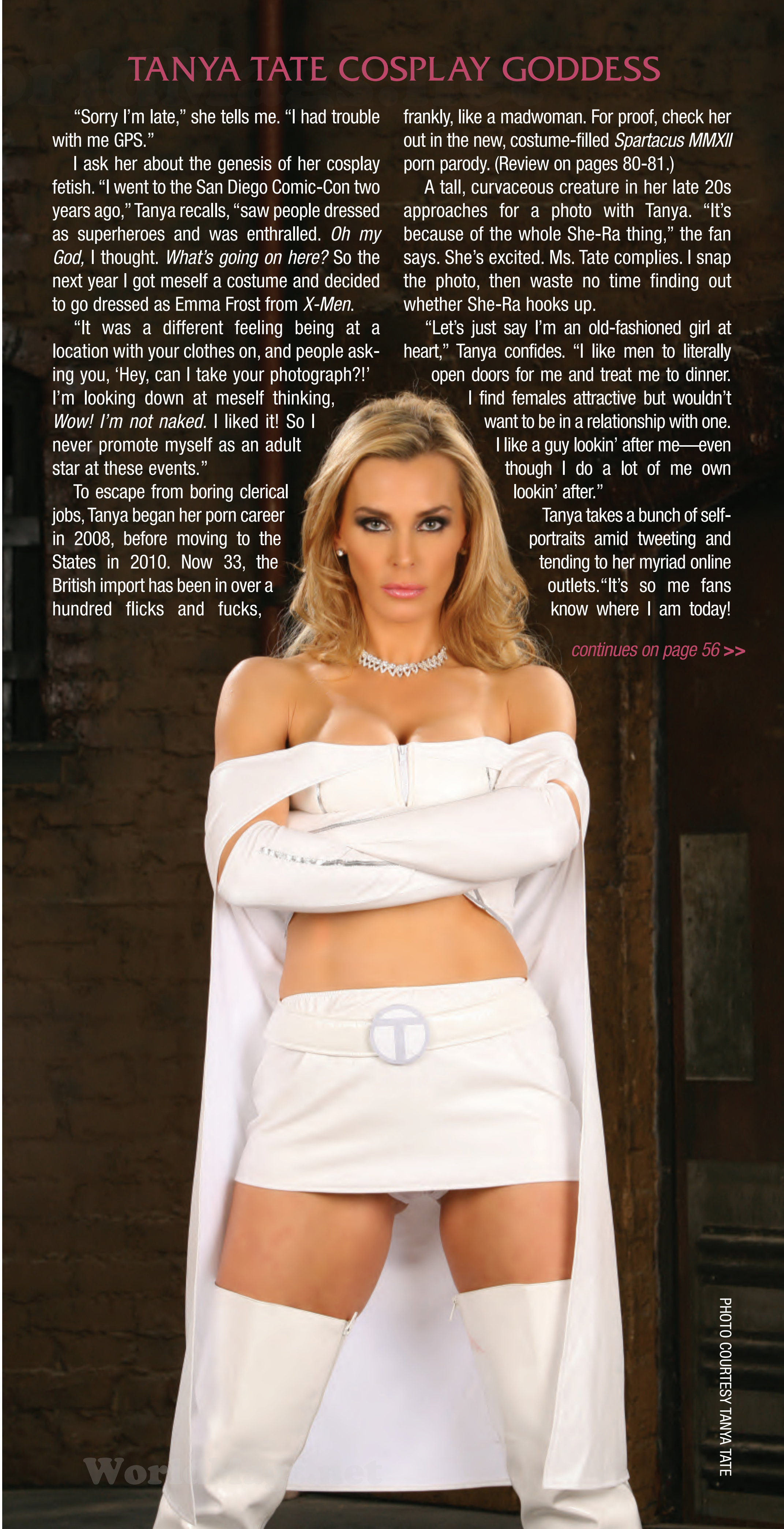


PHOTO COURTESY TANYA TATE

will she?
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PEAK INSIDE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HO [illegible] ODUCTIONS

DARE TO BE BARE

TEAL CONRAD

Teal Conrad is a veteran model who started out with a lot more clothing on. “I’ve done mainstream shoots, and I spent time working as a fitness model,” she explains. “After two years of doing stuff for sports companies, I got a little restless and wanted to try something new—porn!”

The ambitious Oregonian hopes she can bring her own unique spin to the adult-entertainment industry. “I want to help change the way porn is perceived,” **Teal** declares. “I feel like with my looks, background and mentality, I can do porn in a classy way.”

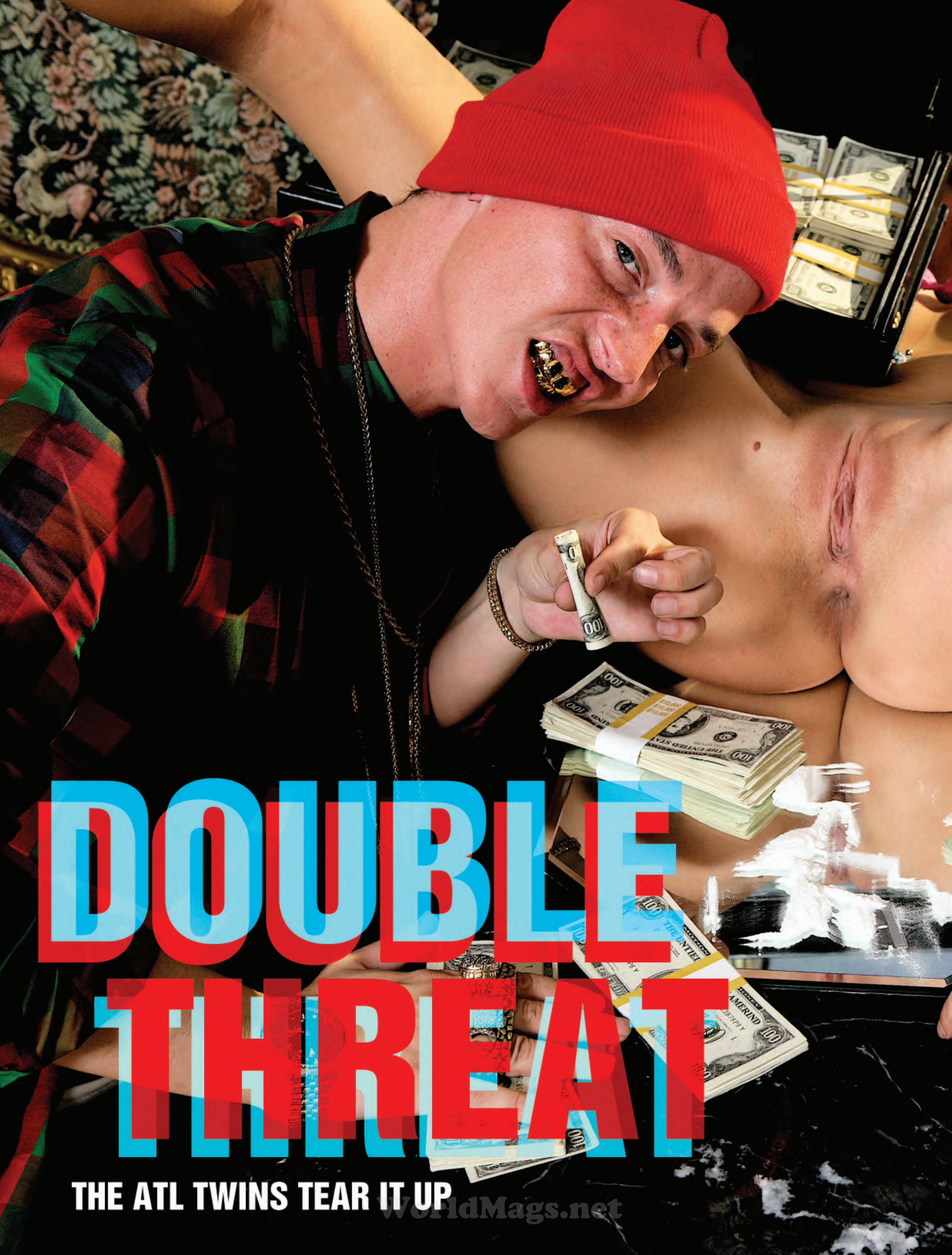
When it comes to the dudes in her personal life, **Teal** is drawn to those who are motivated, compassionate and honest. And any paramour had better possess an adventurous streak: “I’m into guys who are complex. I love a man who’ll treat me like a princess but fuck me like I’m his mistress.”

“Before porn,” **Teal** recalls, “my sexual fantasies were always about being taped. Now I dream about getting fucked in a private airplane. One day I’ll make it happen.”

We’re sure you will, **Teal**.

Uh, Mr. Flynt, can we borrow the keys to your jet this weekend?

TEAL'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Portland, Oregon | AGE: 19 | BIRTH SIGN: Gemini | HEIGHT: 5-8 | WEIGHT: 120



DOUBLE THREAT

THE ATL TWINS TEAR IT UP

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

The grilled-out duo mirror each other's tattoos, wear matching outfits, share the same bed, fuck the same women—and intend to father the same child. Line up, ladies.

INTERVIEW BY KIMBERLY CHENG

Minutes after being released by security, who detained them as soon as they stepped foot into HUSTLER headquarters, Sidney and Thurman Sewell are strolling through the executive suites with a bottle of Grey Goose and a couple of chicks ready to get naked. That's how they roll: rowdy, unfiltered, no apologies.

The ATL Twins—dubbed in honor of their stomping ground, Atlanta, Georgia—recently finished their biggest acting gig to date: as a couple of thugs in bad-boy director Harmony Korine's movie *Spring Breakers*. They're now officially a national threat.

By the way, if you don't know who's saying what, neither did we. Welcome to the ATL Twins experience.

HUSTLER: How did you guys get started?

ATL TWINS: Well, we grew up in Chattanooga, Tennessee, a really shitty, fucked-up, small hood. You know, when we were little, we always wanted to be celebrities. We were always into Mötley Crüe and a lot of glam rock and punk rock, like Metallica, the Misfits and Slayer. [Then] we started skateboarding. We wanted to be pro. Through skateboarding we met so many people, and we just quit going to school. We barely made it to eighth grade! We hate school. When we were 15, we left Tennessee and went to Atlanta.

You're not pro skaters. What happened?

We met this chick five or so years ago. She was amazing and so beautiful. She was a *Penthouse* Pet [in September 2006]. Her stage name was Michelle Ramos. When we were with her, she inspired us to get it together, to be more responsible. We were whipped with her, honestly.

Just I go through hell
to get to heaven
HUSTLER

So we stopped skating every day, and we started focusing on working. We got these shit jobs, like at Babies "R" Us, Wendy's and at warehouses. We eventually got engaged to her. She went on the *Howard Stern Show*, and she started talking about us. Howard Stern said it was the sickest, weirdest thing he's ever heard of in his life, her being engaged to twins. He was talking shit. I thought he would be stoked. He wasn't.

Who met Michelle first?

We both met her at the same time. It was really meant to be, actually. She was this naive girl working at a strip club in Atlanta, and she had only been stripping at this club for two nights. We were going wild one night, and it was 2 or 2:30 in the morning. We were at this house party, and we had these free passes to the strip club.

We got there at 2:44, and they were closing soon, but we went in there anyway. We get in there, and we see this girl, and she was just the certain kind of chick that sticks out to us right away, you know? I mean, some girls are hot, but she was something special. We started talking to her, and we were like, "Yo, what's up? You should come chill with us." And she was like, "Okay!" And we just fell in love.

Did you guys fuck her that night?

No. We didn't want to. It was different. It was serious. She was special. The next night we did, though.

So who fucked her first?

Sidney. But you know what, though? We both just fell in love with her hard. She moved in with us immediately, and then stayed with us for five years. She had this falling-out with her parents, who were these nutty organic-food, freaky people. Superconservative. She wasn't talking to them at the time, and we were like, "You have to reunite with your parents." For the longest time they thought she was just dating Sidney.

Every time we would be around or go to Christmas, they would say, "Hey, we've got to get you a girlfriend!" And we were just like, "Yeah." (*Laughs.*) They must've thought I [Thurman] was just some weirdo hanging around and lurking. But what was really amazing, when they actually found out, when she told them, they were super supportive of it. They were even going to pay for the wedding in Jamaica.

How would you pull off marrying the same girl?

Well, *legally*, it was just going to be me [Sidney]. But *spiritually* the ceremony would've been with both of us.

Because Sidney fucked her first?

No. It's just everything's in Sidney's name—creditwise. At the time, it just made sense. Her parents were superstoked, though. They didn't care about us; they just hated the *Penthouse* thing. And *Penthouse* wasn't raunchy or anything. It wasn't anything like HUSTLER. We loved Michelle so much. But she kept saying, "You guys have to go back to school. Get your GED." Fuck that shit! But you know what? You could have the finest bitch in the entire world, and after five years of fucking her every day, it gets old. It gets played out.

We didn't even want to fuck her. It got to the point where we fucked like, once a week, and it was just like—ugh. And we really wanted to hook up with other chicks, you know? I mean, we never cheated on her like that, but shit. We could have.

So technically, you didn't have sex with anyone else?

We were monogamous with her. (*Laughs.*) And that was the last time we were ever like that. She didn't believe in us. She left us, and we had no idea. We had a job with this personal-injury attorney. I mean, our lives had changed. We were making money. After that, we got a rebound girlfriend. We were with the rebound for a long time too, but we cheated on her the whole time. We probably fucked like 50,000 girls while we were with her.

How do you not get jealous sharing one person?

Because we're the same. How can you be jealous of yourself?

But an ATL Twins girl has to split her attention between the two of you.

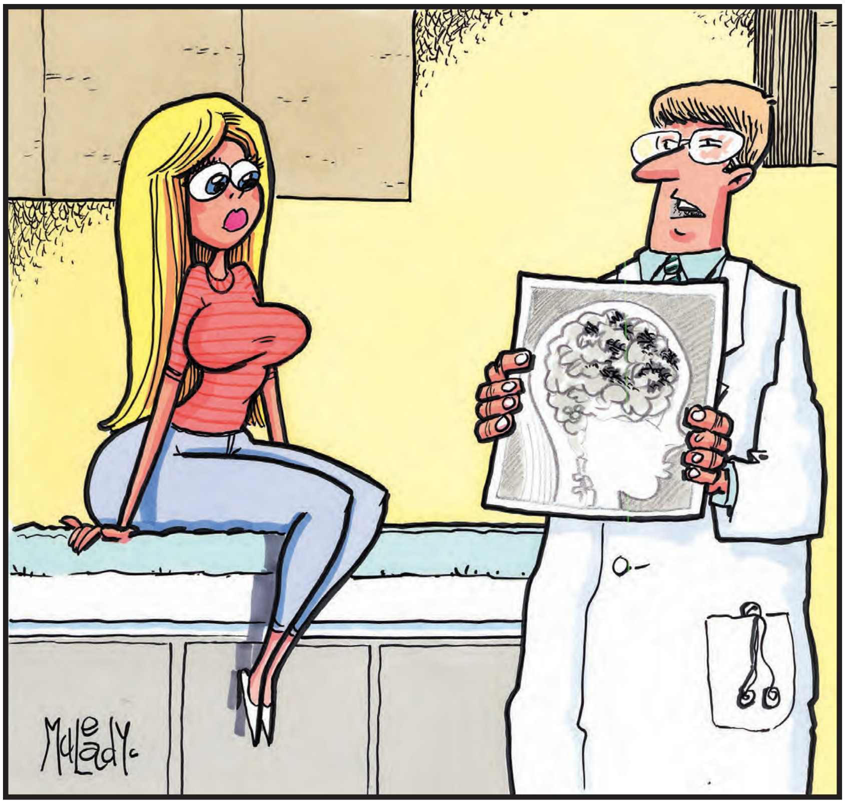
The girls with us, they know how to do it. Michelle knew how to do it. You guys have to understand, we've probably fucked like 5 million girls. You know what I mean? I can't even give you a number.

When did you lose your virginity?

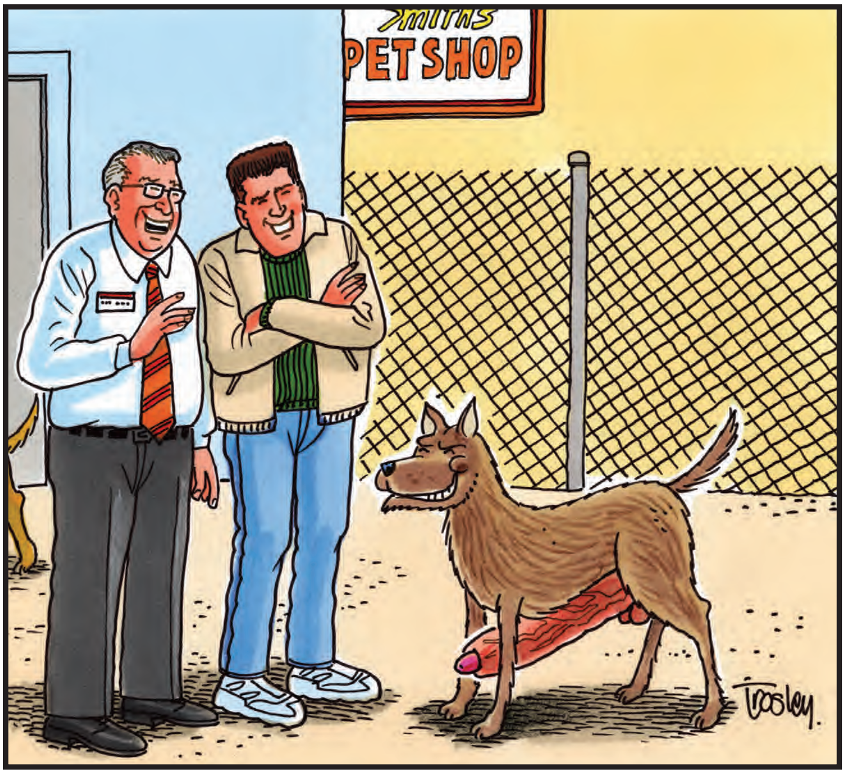
When we were 13 to this 21-year-old psycho. We hung out with all of these skater dudes. We were really good skateboarders for our age. All these older dudes would just fuck with us. We didn't hang out with anyone our age. So we would go to these party houses, and we would just go party with these older dudes. We were skateboarding at this spot downtown. There was this older dude, and he said he was going to take us over to this party house.

All of these skaters were there. Everyone had already fucked this one chick. She was their little (*looks for the right word*) whore. So this bicycle cop showed up and ran this older dude's shit, and it turned out he had three warrants out for his arrest. They were like, "We're taking your ass to the station." To us, they were like, "Look, we're going to have to call your parents."

We called this 21-year-old bitch up, and we were like, "Act like you're our stepmom." And she came, and it worked! The cops were just like, "Oh, your kids are here." They actually just thought she was our actual mom. Shit was cray.



"You've suffered quite a few concussions, Mrs. Jones. Since you don't play football, I'd suggest staying away from the headboard when your husband fucks you doggy-style."



"This particular breed is very social. He needs to be with other dogs."

Cops can be idiots.

Yeah, so we went to her crib. We got away from our homies, and we weren't even thinking about fucking her. We were all about drinking her 40s and smoking blunts and skating and shit. Sex wasn't even on our minds. All of a sudden, all of these dudes started saying, "Yo, she wants to fuck you guys." And we were just like, "Well, all right, cool." We weren't even about that at that point.

So we go into this room, and she's in this fucking lingerie—thigh-highs and the whole fucking nine yards. And she starts listening to this gnarly music, like Mötley Crüe, and she starts dancing and shit. And all of a sudden she's like, "Take off your clothes." When we were 13, we looked like we were ten. We were tiny. And this chick was like, "You have the most amazing bodies." (*Laughs.*) She was a nut. We fucked her raw dog, just busting inside of her. (*Laughs.*)

Who went first that time?

Sidney did.

Again?!

Sidney's older! By one minute. We woke up the next morning in her bed to the fattest joint. But get this, though. The crazy part about this bitch is two days later, she drives over and finds us to give us this 12-page, psychotic letter.

About how she was in love with you?

Nutty. She was 21, and we were 13.

That should have been your first sign.

We ripped it up. We were like, "Omigod, like this bitch is crazy." Shortly after that we started getting into the world of just fucking. We hooked up with this girl who was a cheerleader. She was our first love. You see, it's like that for us. There's only ever one girl for the two of us. If there's two, it just fucks shit up. We don't split up, so it always has to be one girl.

What's the longest time you guys have been apart?

Six hours. It was for Sidney's DUI.

You guys share a bed too?

Yeah! We've got a king-sized bed.

You never want to get separate beds?

No. Never. And there's always a chick in the middle.

Do you use condoms?

We always practice safe sex. We promote it. We wear Magnum condoms. We should get Magnum to endorse us.

When you party, are drugs always involved?

We don't really do a lot of drugs. We just take a lot of Xanax and other anxiety drugs because it's necessary for hangovers. We drink straight vodka pretty heavily, and then we start doing blow. Grey Goose is our thing. They should sponsor us too. You know what our favorite thing in the world to do is? Drink and fuck. But it's the hunt that's so fun.

So you want real women?

No, we like good old-fashioned whores. Who doesn't? But whores are a dying breed. They've got these crazy games they want to play these days. You see, we're just popping off, and shit's getting real easy.

Okay, so what are some of your lines?

"I'm in HUSTLER!" (*Laughs.*) Somehow we pull some pretty hot girls. I don't know how we do it, but we do. We live in a penthouse and drive Range Rovers. We're hood rich.

I can tell you this about girls, though. Pussy is our kryptonite. It's all we care about. It's kind of sick, actually. Like, all I want to do right now is go fucking find some bitch, hang out with her and fuck the shit out of her. Some fucking hot chick with some insecurity and daddy issues. Those kinds of girls are the best.

Have you ever seen the movie *The Witches of Eastwick* with Jack Nicholson? In that movie, Jack Nicholson's not amazingly hot or great; he's just so—charming. He charmed the witches of Eastwick. That's how we are. We're charming. We know how to fuck bitches.

What's your craziest party story?

I have 7,000 photos of all of the shit we've done. There was just too much wild shit and too many celebrities. It would all be off the record, but here's a rad story.

A while ago we were just chilling on a Tuesday night, and there were these girls partying at this mansion. So we went out there. When we first got there, we thought it was kind of bougie. Then someone turned it into a fucking orgy. There were 50 people in there, just all fucking. We were tag-teaming this fine-ass bitch. Then, before you know it, it was two bitches, three bitches and ATL. It was fucking crazy.

Let's talk about *Spring Breakers*.

This movie is going to be Harmony Korine's biggest thing, and I'm not just saying that because we're in it. It's creepy. It's an emotional roller coaster, but it's funny and witty too.

How did you end up in it?

Our homie Yelawolf is a big rapper. We grew up with him. When he started popping off, he really inspired us to start doing some shit. But we were always big pimpin' in our own game. Every pro skater and skateboarder who came to Atlanta would come to us to show them a good time. Celebrities and our homies were coming through Atlanta, like Brandon Biebel and Ryan Sheckler. They're big pro skateboarders.

So we got Biebel, Sheckler, two badass bitches and so many other girls over just walking around naked. And we were with this infamous skateboarding interviewer, an amazing writer who used to work for *Big Brother*. Brandon Biebel said, "Yo, they want to do an interview with you." They told us it was for a skateboarding mag, and then we found out the writer worked for *Vice*!

Shit went viral. It shut down their fucking server. Something like 15 million views. Then all these people started hitting us up. The producer from *Jersey Shore* hit us up; Todd Phillips, the guy who produced *The Hangover* movies; and Harmony Korine was one of them.

Harmony Korine is one of the most amazing persons ever. We always respected him way before we worked with him. We were starstruck. As soon as he called, I didn't care about any of these other people. He said, "Look, I'm doing this movie. Script's already written, but I'm going to figure something out for you guys."

So next thing we know, we're on this movie set with Selena Gomez, Vanessa Hudgens, James Franco, Ashley Benson. Gucci Mane auditioned for the movie at our crib. He was hard. We literally watched this movie come together. It's the most amazing experience that we've ever had.

How was working with Selena Gomez?

I was at Harmony's house when Selena called. They were going to immediately fly her to Nashville, where he lives, to audition. Selena was begging for this part. Vanessa Hudgens was doing the craziest shit. All of these girls were just begging for these parts because this movie is raw. They want to change their little Disney image. Which is cool. Selena Gomez—we want to eventually marry her and have kids with her. (*Laughs.*) But that's our homegirl, though. We want to marry all of those girls from *Spring Breakers*. We would fuck the shit out of all of those little Disney hos.

Can Justin Bieber watch?

Bieber? Sure! You know what? I'd fuck Bieber too, yo. I'd be like, "Come on in, buddy."

What do you have to say about James Franco?

He's fucking amazing. He's going to get an Oscar for *Spring Breakers*. We're James Franco's henchmen in the movie. He's the gnarliest motherfucking actor of all time. James Franco is the hardest-working dude in Hollywood. The role he's playing in *Spring Breakers* is a fucking gangster maniac thug. He killed it. And he just doesn't stop. He flew to Nashville just to meet with Harmony Korine for three hours. I love that motherfucker. He put us in his Gucci campaign. He gave us each $15,000 Gucci jackets.

What else have you done besides *Spring Breakers*?

We got to do a shoot for *Purple* magazine with Terry Richardson. That's high-fashion shit. That shit just don't happen. The thing about us is that we're brutally honest. I don't give a fuck who you are. Like, I met Oliver Stone last week. You know what I said to him? "You need to make *Wall Street 3: Twins Take Manhattan*."

What's next?

We're kind of pushing for Justin Bieber's spot in the world. I will say this: Harmony Korine's the most amazing brain in the industry. He just gets it like we get it—if you guys understood just how gnarly Harmony is. I want to work with someone who can capture real life and real culture, so we're with Harmony Korine. We don't know what the future is going to bring, but we're taking it there.

Spring Breakers

ATL Twins with Gucci Mane

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY *(BELOW)*

PHOTOS COURTESY A24 *(LEFT AND CENTER)*

RISKY BUSINESS

BAMBI WOLFE

Bambi Wolfe may look innocent, but she's a bona fide thrill-seeker. "My sexual fantasies are all pretty crazy," the perky newbie discloses. "Like I want to fuck a guy underwater with a bunch of sharks circling us!"

Besides dreaming about dangerous sexual encounters, **Bambi** likes to lose herself in the *Twilight* saga. "I've read each book at least twice," she says, "but I still can't get enough of them. It's like visiting old friends when I go back to those books."

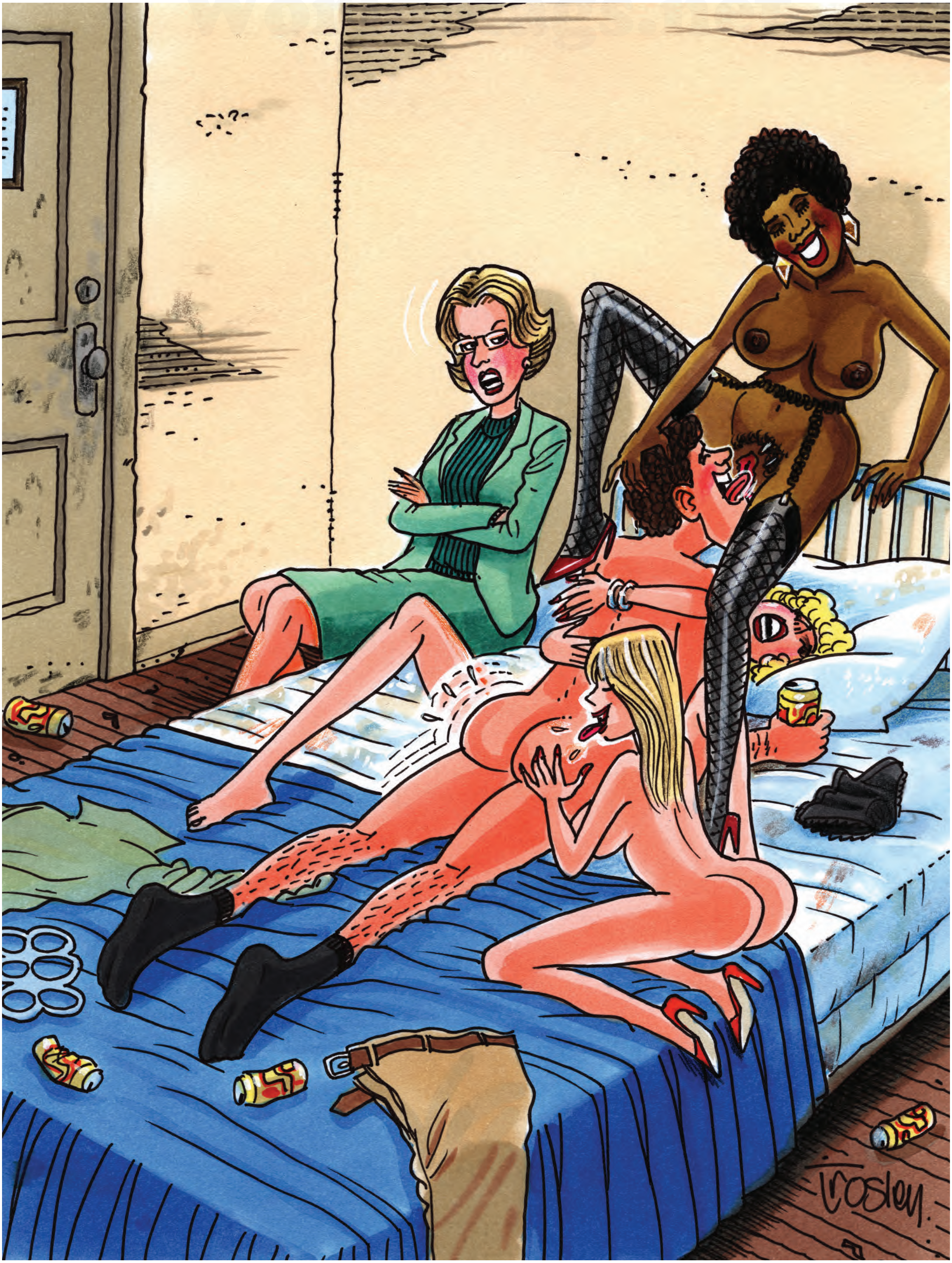
Bambi, who got her first taste of nude modeling after answering a Craigslist ad, enjoys her work. But the L.A. denizen has bigger plans: "Someday I want to open a day-care center and shelter for homeless kids. I hope I can be successful enough at whatever I end up doing to give back like that."

Bambi Wolfe definitely has her heart in the right place. We'd climb into a shark cage with her anytime.

WorldMags

WorldMags

BAMBI'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Los Angeles, California | AGE: 18 | BIRTH SIGN: Cancer | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 130



“My first mistake was letting you plan our getaway weekend…”

COSTUME PHOTO COURTESY TANYA TATE
HARDCORE PHOTOS COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

TANYA TATE COSPLAY GODDESS: continued from page 30 >>

Right from the start I wanted a website [**TanyaTate.com**], so I paid a guy to shoot my solo stuff. I eventually developed The Tanya Tate Casting Couch, which is where amateurs would try being porn stars. So in a sense, right from the word *go* I was directing me own material." Tanya exercises full creative control over her sites. JustaLottaTanya.com is devoted to cosplay.

The Internet keeps her busy, but it's directing movies that can be a pain in the royal bum. "For me movies I'm the director, scriptwriter and one of the performers," she points out. "So I have to remember me lines and make sure the girls remember their lines. I also guide the talent in terms of interpreting my ideas—the camera people being there to capture it all. Additionally, I have to make sure talent are kept busy, rather than standing around chatting on the phone."

A lanky, longhaired fellow in his late 30s ogles Tanya, glances at her name and puts two and two together. "I've seen you before," he says with a devilish grin.

"Not in this type of work, right?" she asks, smiling brightly.

"No—in the movies," he says.

Tanya takes his hand and whispers, "Yes, but we have to keep that quiet because this is a show for families, yes?"

The admirer nods, starstruck. Being a pro fornicator is a superpower in itself. The dude buys a copy of her book, *Tanya Tate: My Life in Costume*, which she signs with a superflourish.

During a lull, Tanya and I stroll around. The place is crowded, the air is bad, and there's a lot of stuff about: DVDs, CDs, toys, action figures. All He-Man. We pass a few feline cuties dressed as ThunderCats.

Back at the booth, Tanya tells me about yet another one of her ventures: Star Factory, a PR firm she acquired in early 2012. "Clients come and go. We might run a press release for one client; do the whole PR package for another. Sometimes we work with 'em on a monthly retainer basis, pushin' their work, doin' press releases, gettin' 'em online, gettin' their brand out there, buildin' their fan base. I'm currently doin' press releases for Television X, a big company in the U.K. which produces adult titles, to help 'em obtain more American fans."

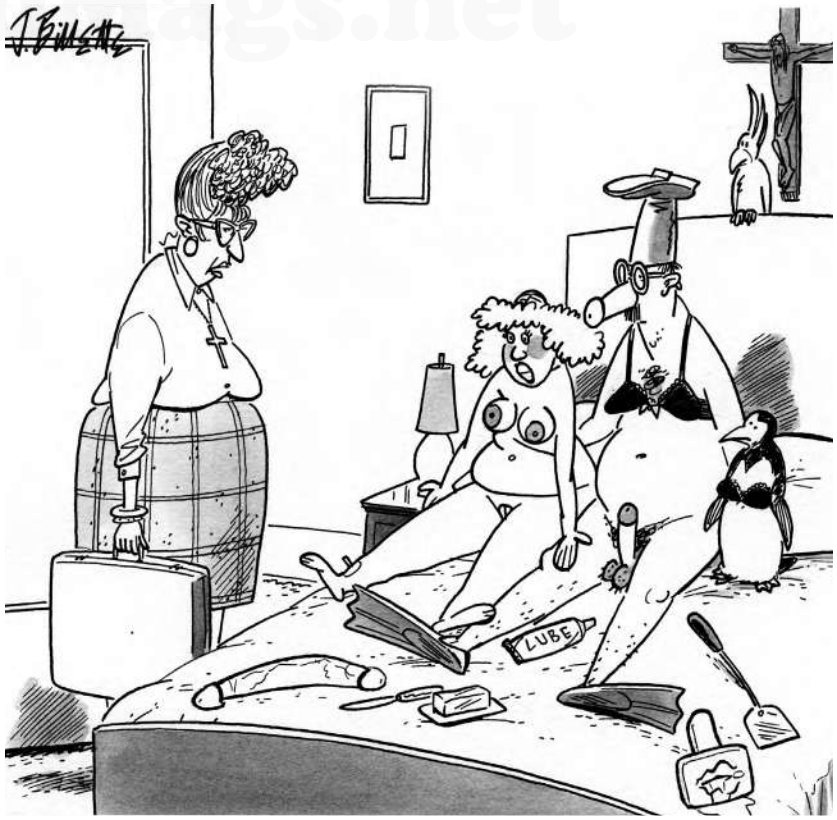
Tanya herself has no shortage of American fans, but even they have to go home at some point. By 6 p.m. things at PowerCon have died down. Tanya reveals that for Day Two she'll be dressed as Princess Adora, the sweet character that She-Ra was before she transformed herself into a superchick. That should stir up some latent hormones.

"Good fan turnout today?" I ask.

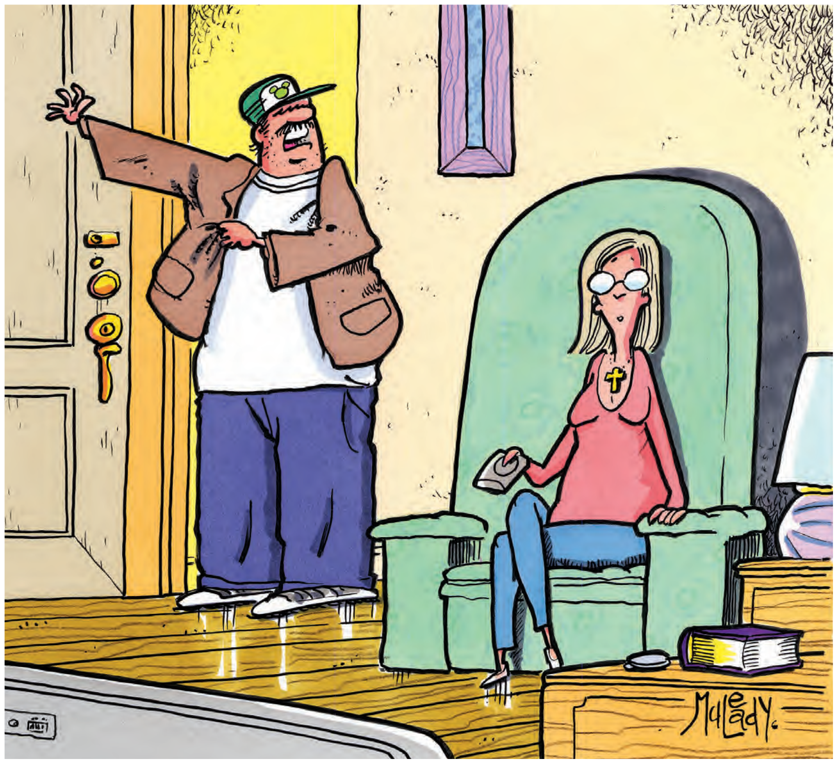
"Definitely!" Tanya beams. "You know, some of 'em even said they think I'm the best thing from Liverpool since The Beatles!"

She-Ra loves you, yeah, yeah, yeah.

For more, go to **TanyaTate.com**, **JustaLottaTanya.com**, **Twitter.com/TanyaTate**, **Facebook.com/RealTanyaTate** and **ItsMyURLs.com/TanyaTate**.



"Henry, I'm moving in with my mother! I feel strongly that this is no longer a Christian home!"



"I'm going down to the corner for a blowjob. You need anything?"

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NATURAL WONDER

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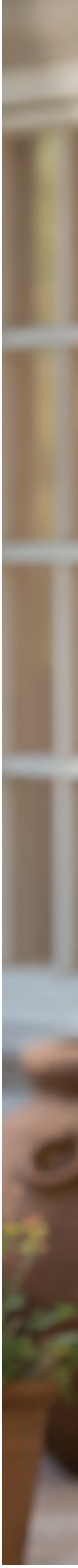
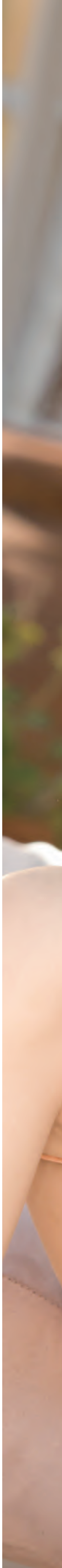


LOGAN DRAE



Logan Drae was destined for the pages of HUSTLER. "I saw my first nudie magazine with a group of boys before we were even in middle school," she admits. "Ever since I saw those boys fight and drool over the pictures, I've thought of nudity as being not only beautiful but powerful as well."

Logan, who is often told she resembles Linda Carter of *Wonder Woman* fame, has a passion for performing: "That could be anything from feature dancing to nude modeling to acting in movies," she clarifies. "There's just something about being the center of a man's—or a lot of men's—attention that turns me on."

Despite being so gorgeous and extroverted, **Logan** is also a homebody with diverse interests. She reads heavy books like Ruth Minsky Sender's Holocaust-set *The Cage*, listens to a wide range of music and toils in the kitchen. "I cook and bake—a lot!" **Logan** asserts. "So any night I can get my family and friends around for dinner and a baseball game, I'm a happy girl."

Something else that recently brought **Logan** some joy was her first one-night-stand. "To tell the truth, it turned into an entire weekend," the Southern charmer elaborates. "From hello to goodbye, it was a perfect experience. Nothing but laughter and great sex!"

LOGAN'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Atlanta, Georgia | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Sagittarius | HEIGHT: 5-2 | WEIGHT: 108

CHEVY
HUSTLER

A long-haul trucker named Travis stopped at a convenience store late one night. "I need a package of condoms and a bottle of Wild Turkey," he told the clerk.

"Will you need a paper bag?" the clerk asked as he got the items together.

Travis turned toward the window and quickly glanced at the lot lizard waiting for him in his truck. "Nah," he replied. "She ain't that ugly."

HUSTLER Wisdom: Without nipples, knockers would be pointless.

Waking up on his day off, Rodrigo was greeted by a bright, sunny day. "Honey," he said, rousting his sexy wife, Rosa. "We're going fishing today."

"No way," Rosa groggily responded, burying herself under the covers.

"Please listen," Rodrigo told her. "I'm gonna put on some clothes, then load up the van and get the dog. I'll let you think about it, but you have only two options: You're coming fishing with me today, or I'm gonna fuck you in the ass before I leave."

Ten minutes later, Rodrigo was back. "What'd you decide?" he asked his wife.

Thinking quickly, Rosa yanked Rodrigo's pants down. "I know it wasn't part of the deal," she gasped, stroking his cock. "But how about I give you a nice blowjob instead?"

Rodrigo consented. But as soon as Rosa engulfed his prick, she recoiled. "What's that awful taste?" she snorted.

"Oh, the dog's not going either," Rodrigo replied. "I offered him the same deal I gave you."

Question: What's the difference between kinky and perverted?

Answer: A kinky person uses a feather; a pervert uses the whole chicken.

When Sally carried her baby onto the city bus, the driver couldn't help himself. "Man," he bellowed, "that's the ugliest baby I've ever seen."

Stunned, Sally paid her fare and took a seat next to an older gent. Noticing the young mother's dejected expression, he politely asked what was troubling her.

"The bus driver just insulted me," Sally uttered. "He said the meanest, most untrue thing imaginable."

"That's outrageous!" her fellow passenger exclaimed. "You shouldn't let him get away with that. You should go up there and tell him off."

"You're right," Sally said.

"So do it," the guy muttered. "I'll hold your monkey for you."

Jeff was driving his grandfather home from the store in a blinding snowstorm. When the high-school senior almost rearended another car, Gramps demanded that he pull to the side of the road and relinquish the wheel.

"Driving in the snow is like performing oral sex on a woman," the senior citizen explained in terms he thought a young person would comprehend. "If you don't do it slowly, you're gonna end up running into the asshole in front of you."

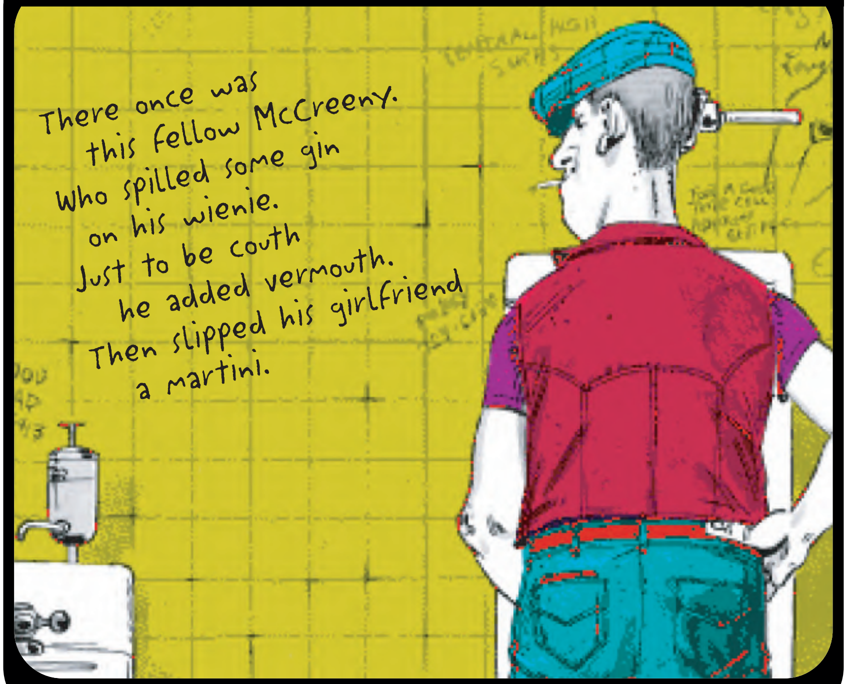
Standing in front of her third-grade class, Mrs. Foreman announced, "Today's lesson is on words with more than one syllable. Does anyone have an example?"

"Yup!" a tyke yelped, raising his hand. "*Masturbate.*"

"Very good, Donnie," Mrs. Foreman remarked as the biddy tried to avoid blushing. "That's quite a mouthful."

"No, Mrs. Foreman," Donnie retorted. "You're thinking of *blowjob.*"

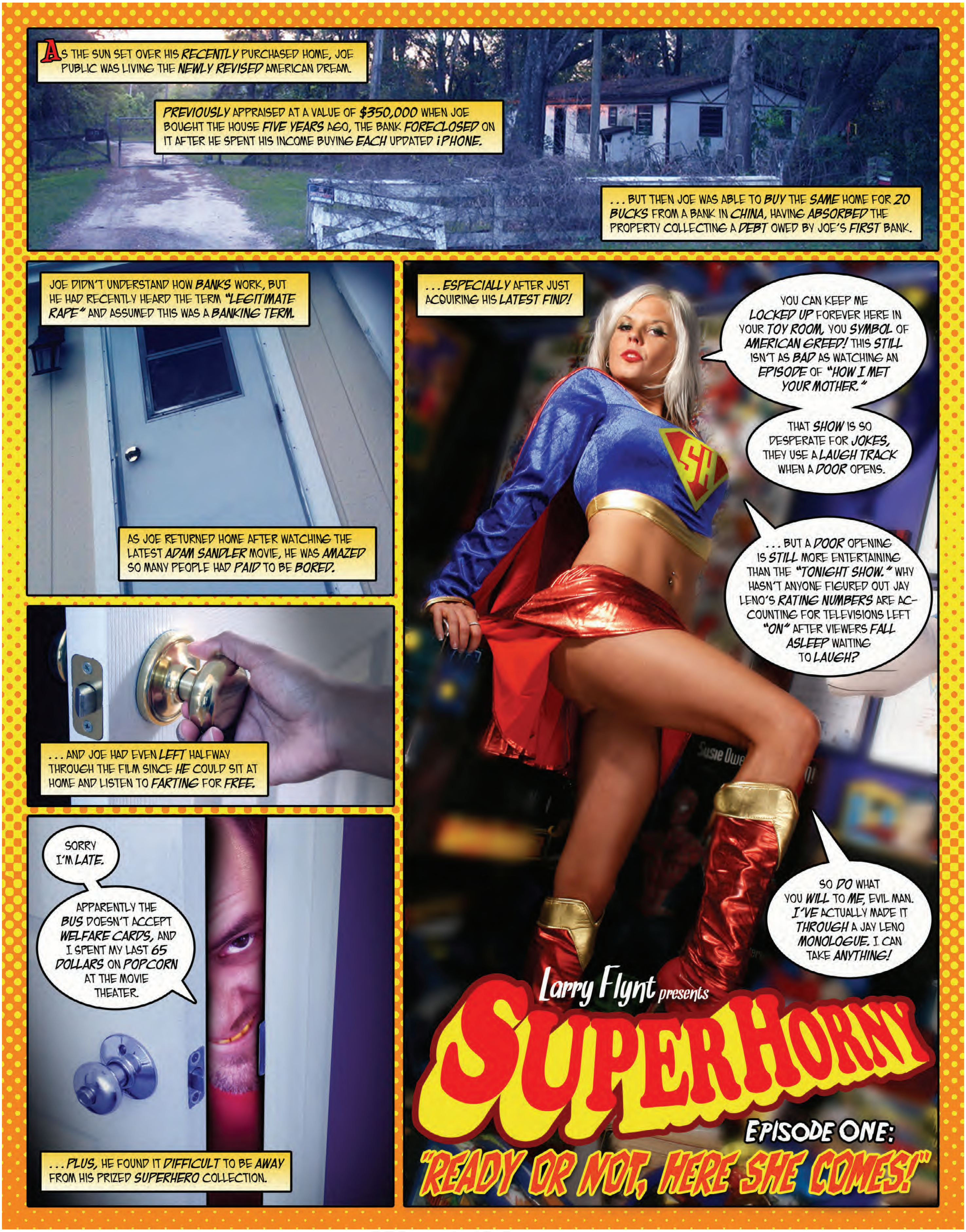
GRAFFILTHY

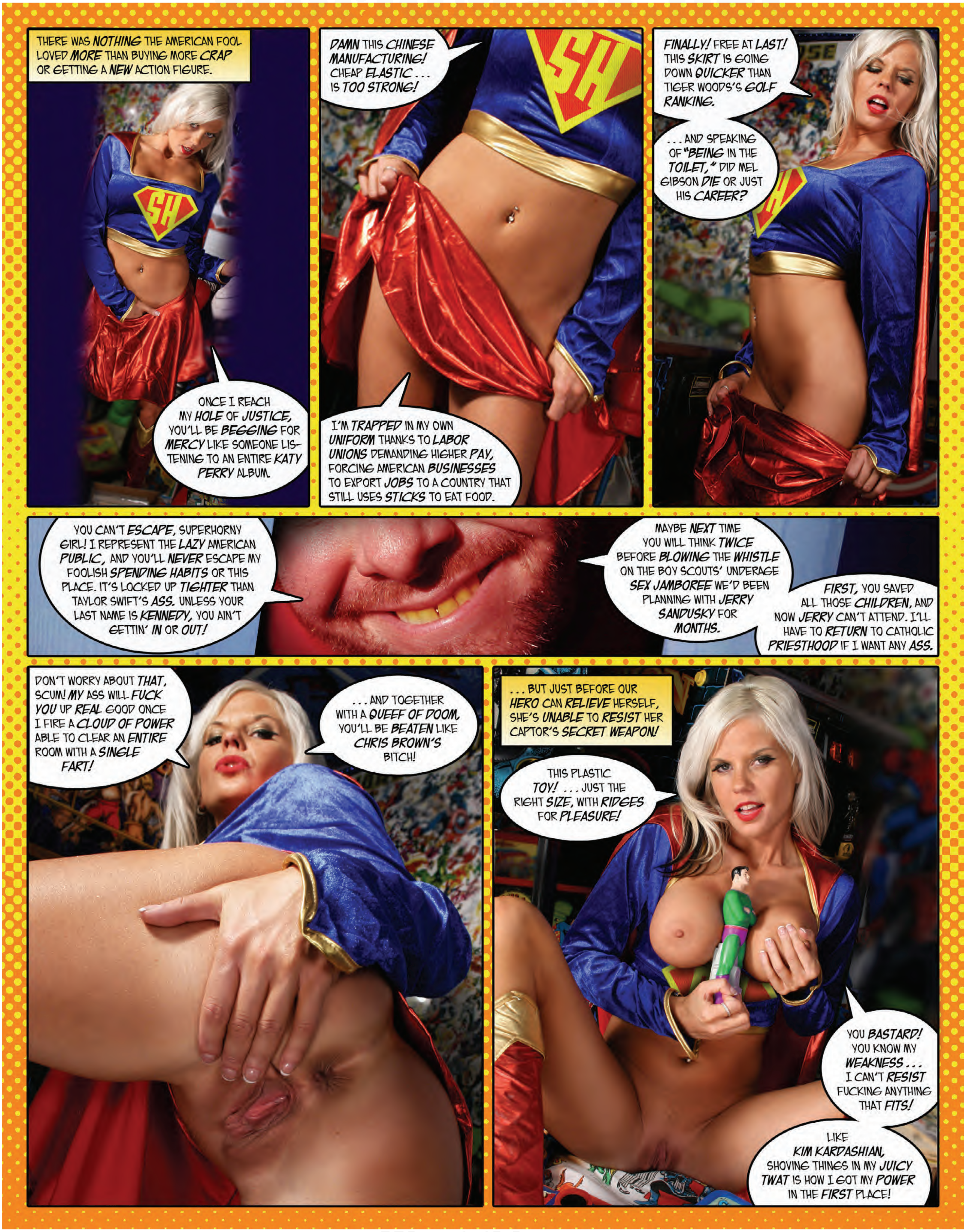


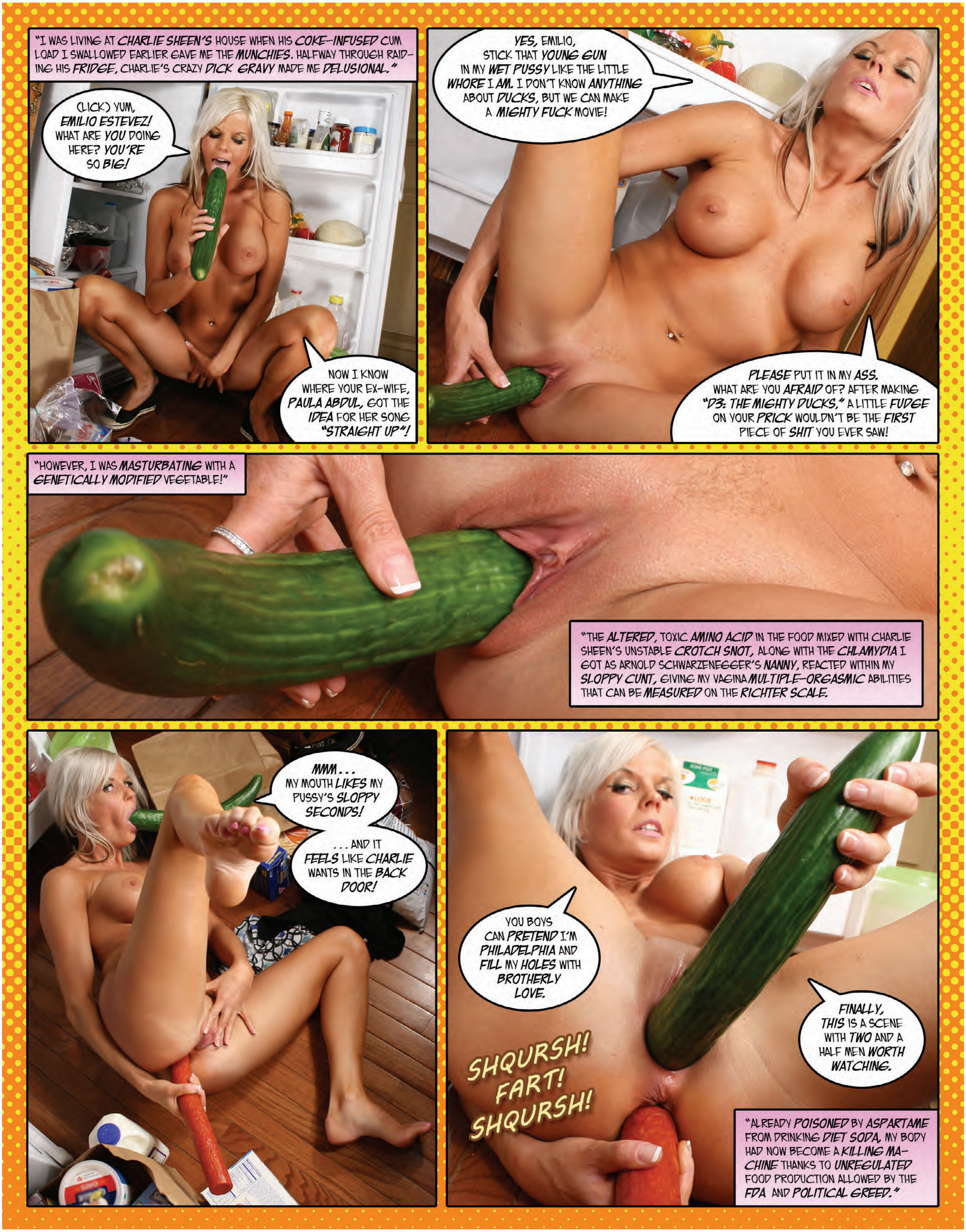
There once was
this fellow McCreeny.
Who spilled some gin
on his wienie.
Just to be couth
he added vermouth.
Then slipped his girlfriend
a martini.

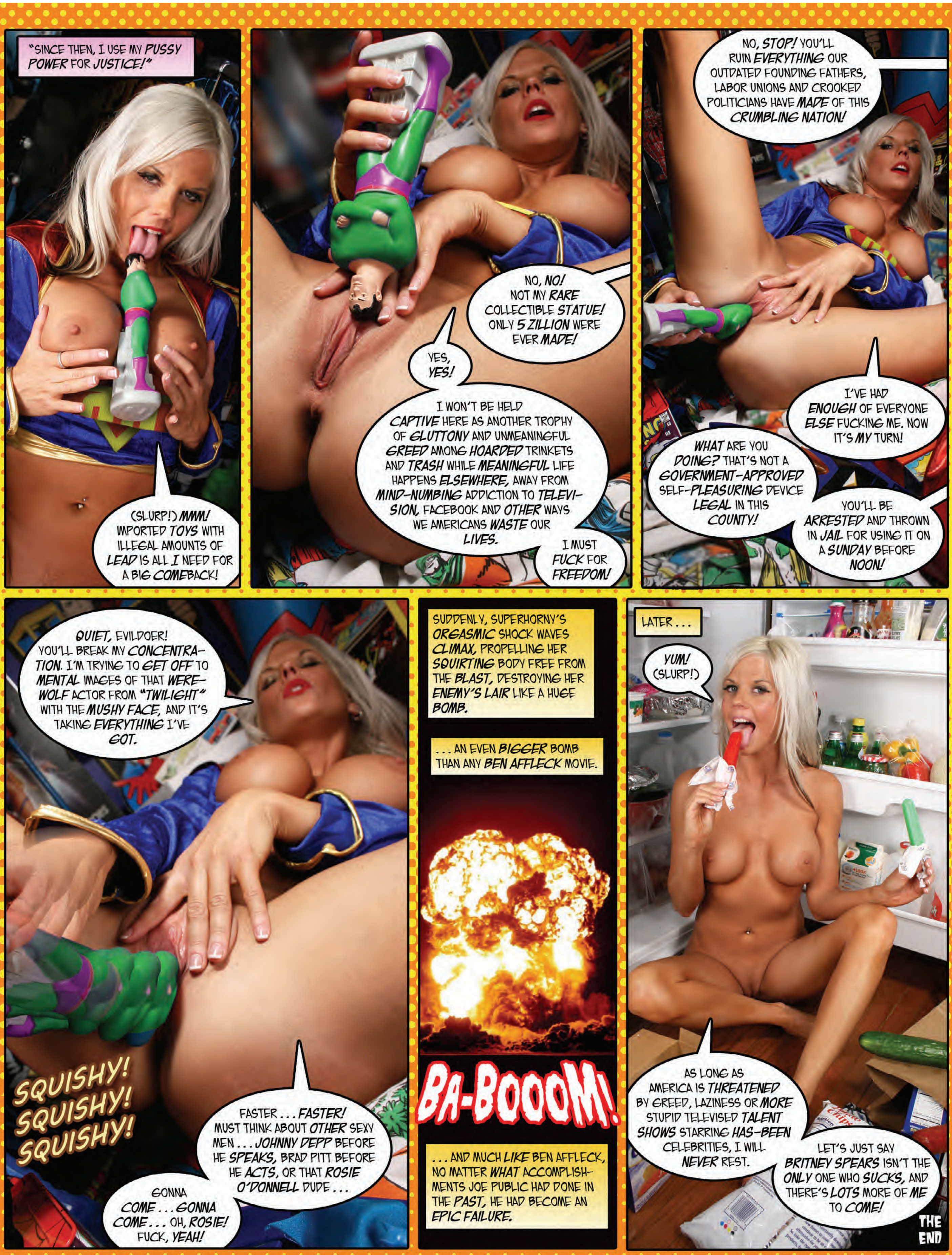
Thanks and $50 go to T.G.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com.* If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

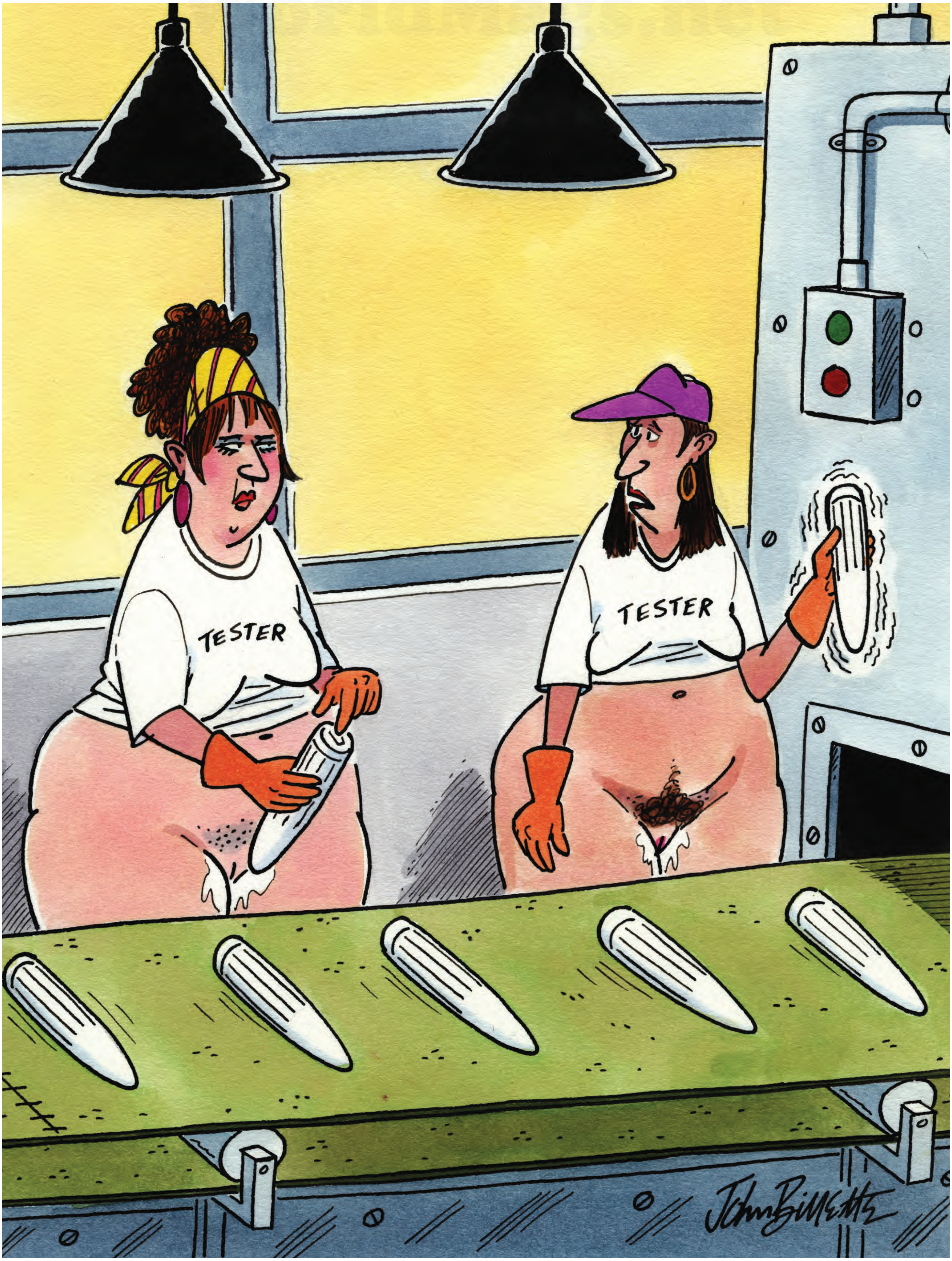

AS THE SUN SET OVER HIS *RECENTLY* PURCHASED HOME, JOE PUBLIC WAS LIVING THE *NEWLY REVISED* AMERICAN DREAM.
PREVIOUSLY APPRAISED AT A VALUE OF *$350,000* WHEN JOE BOUGHT THE HOUSE *FIVE YEARS* AGO, THE BANK *FORECLOSED* ON IT AFTER HE SPENT HIS INCOME BUYING *EACH* UPDATED *iPHONE.*
. . . BUT THEN JOE WAS ABLE TO *BUY* THE *SAME* HOME FOR *20 BUCKS* FROM A BANK IN *CHINA,* HAVING *ABSORBED* THE PROPERTY COLLECTING A *DEBT* OWED BY JOE'S *FIRST* BANK.
JOE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND HOW *BANKS* WORK, BUT HE HAD RECENTLY HEARD THE TERM *"LEGITIMATE RAPE"* AND ASSUMED THIS WAS A *BANKING TERM.*
AS JOE RETURNED HOME AFTER WATCHING THE LATEST *ADAM SANDLER* MOVIE, HE WAS *AMAZED* SO MANY PEOPLE HAD *PAID* TO BE *BORED.*
. . . AND JOE HAD EVEN *LEFT* HALFWAY THROUGH THE FILM SINCE *HE* COULD SIT AT HOME AND LISTEN TO *FARTING* FOR *FREE.*
SORRY I'M *LATE.*
APPARENTLY THE *BUS* DOESN'T ACCEPT *WELFARE CARDS,* AND I SPENT MY LAST *65 DOLLARS* ON *POPCORN* AT THE MOVIE THEATER.
. . . *PLUS,* HE FOUND IT *DIFFICULT* TO BE *AWAY* FROM HIS PRIZED *SUPERHERO* COLLECTION.
. . . *ESPECIALLY* AFTER JUST ACQUIRING HIS *LATEST FIND!*
YOU CAN KEEP ME *LOCKED UP* FOREVER HERE IN YOUR *TOY ROOM,* YOU *SYMBOL* OF *AMERICAN GREED!* THIS *STILL* ISN'T AS *BAD* AS WATCHING AN *EPISODE* OF *"HOW I MET YOUR MOTHER."*
THAT *SHOW* IS SO DESPERATE FOR *JOKES,* THEY USE A *LAUGH TRACK* WHEN A *DOOR* OPENS.
. . . BUT A *DOOR* OPENING IS *STILL* MORE ENTERTAINING THAN THE *"TONIGHT SHOW."* WHY HASN'T ANYONE FIGURED OUT JAY LENO'S *RATING NUMBERS* ARE ACCOUNTING FOR TELEVISIONS LEFT *"ON"* AFTER VIEWERS *FALL ASLEEP* WAITING TO *LAUGH?*
SO *DO* WHAT YOU *WILL* TO *ME,* EVIL MAN. *I'VE* ACTUALLY MADE IT *THROUGH* A JAY LENO *MONOLOGUE.* I CAN TAKE *ANYTHING!*
SH
Larry Flynt presents
SUPERHORNY
EPISODE ONE:
"READY OR NOT, HERE SHE COMES!"


THERE WAS NOTHING THE AMERICAN FOOL LOVED MORE THAN BUYING MORE CRAP OR GETTING A NEW ACTION FIGURE.
ONCE I REACH MY HOLE OF JUSTICE, YOU'LL BE BEGGING FOR MERCY LIKE SOMEONE LISTENING TO AN ENTIRE KATY PERRY ALBUM.
DAMN THIS CHINESE MANUFACTURING! CHEAP ELASTIC . . . IS TOO STRONG!
I'M TRAPPED IN MY OWN UNIFORM THANKS TO LABOR UNIONS DEMANDING HIGHER PAY, FORCING AMERICAN BUSINESSES TO EXPORT JOBS TO A COUNTRY THAT STILL USES STICKS TO EAT FOOD.
FINALLY! FREE AT LAST! THIS SKIRT IS GOING DOWN QUICKER THAN TIGER WOODS'S GOLF RANKING.
. . . AND SPEAKING OF "BEING IN THE TOILET," DID MEL GIBSON DIE OR JUST HIS CAREER?
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE, SUPERHORNY GIRL! I REPRESENT THE LAZY AMERICAN PUBLIC, AND YOU'LL NEVER ESCAPE MY FOOLISH SPENDING HABITS OR THIS PLACE. IT'S LOCKED UP TIGHTER THAN TAYLOR SWIFT'S ASS. UNLESS YOUR LAST NAME IS KENNEDY, YOU AIN'T GETTIN' IN OR OUT!
MAYBE NEXT TIME YOU WILL THINK TWICE BEFORE BLOWING THE WHISTLE ON THE BOY SCOUTS' UNDERAGE SEX JAMBOREE WE'D BEEN PLANNING WITH JERRY SANDUSKY FOR MONTHS.
FIRST, YOU SAVED ALL THOSE CHILDREN, AND NOW JERRY CAN'T ATTEND. I'LL HAVE TO RETURN TO CATHOLIC PRIESTHOOD IF I WANT ANY ASS.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, SCUM! MY ASS WILL FUCK YOU UP REAL GOOD ONCE I FIRE A CLOUD OF POWER ABLE TO CLEAR AN ENTIRE ROOM WITH A SINGLE FART!
. . . AND TOGETHER WITH A QUEEF OF DOOM, YOU'LL BE BEATEN LIKE CHRIS BROWN'S BITCH!
. . . BUT JUST BEFORE OUR HERO CAN RELIEVE HERSELF, SHE'S UNABLE TO RESIST HER CAPTOR'S SECRET WEAPON!
THIS PLASTIC TOY! . . . JUST THE RIGHT SIZE, WITH RIDGES FOR PLEASURE!
YOU BASTARD! YOU KNOW MY WEAKNESS . . . I CAN'T RESIST FUCKING ANYTHING THAT FITS!
LIKE KIM KARDASHIAN, SHOVING THINGS IN MY JUICY TWAT IS HOW I GOT MY POWER IN THE FIRST PLACE!


"I WAS LIVING AT *CHARLIE SHEEN'S* HOUSE WHEN HIS *COKE-INFUSED* CUM LOAD I SWALLOWED EARLIER GAVE ME THE *MUNCHIES*. HALFWAY THROUGH RAIDING HIS *FRIDGE*, CHARLIE'S CRAZY *DICK GRAVY* MADE ME *DELUSIONAL*."
(LICK) YUM, *EMILIO ESTEVEZ!* WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING HERE? *YOU'RE* SO *BIG!*
NOW I KNOW WHERE YOUR EX-WIFE, *PAULA ABDUL*, GOT THE *IDEA* FOR HER SONG *"STRAIGHT UP"!*
YES, EMILIO, STICK THAT *YOUNG GUN* IN MY *WET PUSSY* LIKE THE LITTLE *WHORE* I *AM*. I DON'T KNOW *ANYTHING* ABOUT *DUCKS*, BUT WE CAN MAKE A *MIGHTY FUCK* MOVIE!
PLEASE PUT IT IN MY *ASS*. WHAT ARE YOU *AFRAID* OF? AFTER MAKING *"D3: THE MIGHTY DUCKS,"* A LITTLE *FUDGE* ON YOUR *PRICK* WOULDN'T BE THE *FIRST* PIECE OF *SHIT* YOU EVER SAW!
"HOWEVER, I WAS *MASTURBATING* WITH A *GENETICALLY MODIFIED* VEGETABLE!"
"THE *ALTERED*, TOXIC *AMINO ACID* IN THE FOOD MIXED WITH CHARLIE SHEEN'S UNSTABLE *CROTCH SNOT*, ALONG WITH THE *CHLAMYDIA* I GOT AS ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER'S *NANNY*, REACTED WITHIN MY *SLOPPY CUNT*, GIVING MY VAGINA *MULTIPLE-ORGASMIC* ABILITIES THAT CAN BE *MEASURED* ON THE *RICHTER SCALE*.
MMM... MY MOUTH *LIKES* MY PUSSY'S *SLOPPY SECONDS!*
...AND IT *FEELS* LIKE *CHARLIE* WANTS IN THE *BACK DOOR!*
YOU BOYS CAN *PRETEND* I'M *PHILADELPHIA* AND *FILL* MY *HOLES* WITH *BROTHERLY LOVE*.
FINALLY, THIS IS A SCENE WITH *TWO* AND A HALF MEN *WORTH WATCHING*.
SHQURSH! FART! SHQURSH!
"ALREADY *POISONED* BY *ASPARTAME* FROM DRINKING *DIET SODA*, MY BODY HAD NOW BECOME A *KILLING MACHINE* THANKS TO *UNREGULATED* FOOD PRODUCTION ALLOWED BY THE *FDA* AND *POLITICAL GREED*."


"SINCE THEN, I USE MY PUSSY POWER FOR JUSTICE!"
(SLURP!) MMM! IMPORTED TOYS WITH ILLEGAL AMOUNTS OF LEAD IS ALL I NEED FOR A BIG COMEBACK!
NO, NO! NOT MY RARE COLLECTIBLE STATUE! ONLY 5 ZILLION WERE EVER MADE!
YES, YES!
I WON'T BE HELD CAPTIVE HERE AS ANOTHER TROPHY OF GLUTTONY AND UNMEANINGFUL GREED AMONG HOARDED TRINKETS AND TRASH WHILE MEANINGFUL LIFE HAPPENS ELSEWHERE, AWAY FROM MIND-NUMBING ADDICTION TO TELEVISION, FACEBOOK AND OTHER WAYS WE AMERICANS WASTE OUR LIVES.
I MUST FUCK FOR FREEDOM!
NO, STOP! YOU'LL RUIN EVERYTHING OUR OUTDATED FOUNDING FATHERS, LABOR UNIONS AND CROOKED POLITICIANS HAVE MADE OF THIS CRUMBLING NATION!
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF EVERYONE ELSE FUCKING ME. NOW IT'S MY TURN!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? THAT'S NOT A GOVERNMENT-APPROVED SELF-PLEASURING DEVICE LEGAL IN THIS COUNTY!
YOU'LL BE ARRESTED AND THROWN IN JAIL FOR USING IT ON A SUNDAY BEFORE NOON!
QUIET, EVILDOER! YOU'LL BREAK MY CONCENTRATION. I'M TRYING TO GET OFF TO MENTAL IMAGES OF THAT WEREWOLF ACTOR FROM "TWILIGHT" WITH THE MUSHY FACE, AND IT'S TAKING EVERYTHING I'VE GOT.
SQUISHY! SQUISHY! SQUISHY!
FASTER . . . FASTER! MUST THINK ABOUT OTHER SEXY MEN . . . JOHNNY DEPP BEFORE HE SPEAKS, BRAD PITT BEFORE HE ACTS, OR THAT ROSIE O'DONNELL DUDE . . .
GONNA COME . . . GONNA COME . . . OH, ROSIE! FUCK, YEAH!
SUDDENLY, SUPERHORNY'S ORGASMIC SHOCK WAVES CLIMAX, PROPELLING HER SQUIRTING BODY FREE FROM THE BLAST, DESTROYING HER ENEMY'S LAIR LIKE A HUGE BOMB.
. . . AN EVEN BIGGER BOMB THAN ANY BEN AFFLECK MOVIE.
BA-BOOOM!
. . . AND MUCH LIKE BEN AFFLECK, NO MATTER WHAT ACCOMPLISHMENTS JOE PUBLIC HAD DONE IN THE PAST, HE HAD BECOME AN EPIC FAILURE.
LATER . . .
YUM! (SLURP!)
AS LONG AS AMERICA IS THREATENED BY GREED, LAZINESS OR MORE STUPID TELEVISED TALENT SHOWS STARRING HAS-BEEN CELEBRITIES, I WILL NEVER REST.
LET'S JUST SAY BRITNEY SPEARS ISN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO SUCKS, AND THERE'S LOTS MORE OF ME TO COME!
THE END

FOR THE NEXT EPISODE OF "SUPERHORNY," GRAB THE NEW ISSUE OF HUSTLER HUMOR!


TESTER
TESTER
John Billette

"Are we close to break, Carla? My clit is numb!"

HARDCORE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

***XXX** boxes: Lexi Belle, Sunny Lane and Aiden Starr keep Gotham busy.*

Batgirl XXX

EXTREME COMIXXX. DIRECTOR: SINISTER X. STARRING: SUNNY LANE, PHOENIX MARIE, AURORA SNOW, AMBER RAYNE, AIDEN STARR, LIZZY BORDEN, LEXI BELLE, LYLA STORM, EVAN STONE, SCOTT LYONS, RON JEREMY, SETH GAMBLE, TOM BYRON & ALEC KNIGHT.

In case you weren't sure, cosplay does not mean people dressing up like Bill Cosby and having sex. That's pudding play. Cosplay is chicks strutting around in superhero outfits and making Comic-Con dorks cream their pants. This flick, starring pint-sized Sunny Lane as a petulant daddy's-girl vigilante in skintight latex, is pure geek catnip. It's also deep in more ways than one, exploring the dark origins of the caped lady. She gets abducted, waterboarded and endures a dynamic double dicking from Batman and Robin. Holy hole in a porn star! And yes, freakos, Batgirl keeps her mask and bat ears on the whole time. Meanwhile, her sleazy dad (Tom Byron) accepts some oral stress relief from succulent secretary Lyla Storm while the amazing Amber Rayne, as a twitchy and bewitching Harley Quinn, deep-throats the Penguin's legendary dick. (One guess who plays that role.) Soon after, Lizzy Borden pops up as the Joker in a scene that embodies why we love the Batman universe: It's ruled by anarchistic weirdos. Luscious Lizzy steals the show, even if it gets a little disturbing when Batman beats her up. (She gets revenge.) At some point, Catwoman (Aurora Snow) and Phoenix Marie (Poison Ivy) trap Batgirl in a desktop threeway, with Phoenix taking some great dildo butt-fucking and the dolls quivering out a triple simultaneous climax. All batshit-crazy stuff, but Lexi Belle's creepy entry as the world's horniest zombie takes the cake. Her trademark tight twat gets the ramming you'd expect, but it's never enough. After all, she's the meat-hungry undead. You could fuck her brains out; she'd just eat them and want more. *Batgirl XXX* is pretty weird skinema. It's also hot as a Gotham jail cell in July. ***—M.J.***

Sunny Lane as ***Batgirl*** *and Amber Rayne as Harley Quinn (bottom right) are a taste of things to come.*

THIS MONTH'S
MASTER
STROKE

*Miko Lee, Tanya Tate and Andy San Dimas (bottom right) help **Spartacus** rise up.*

Spartacus MMXII: The Beginning

WICKED PICTURES, MIKO LEE PRODUCTIONS & LONDON GUNN PRODUCTIONS. DIRECTOR: MARCUS LONDON. STARRING: DEVON LEE, TANYA TATE, GRACIE GLAM, ANDY SAN DIMAS, NICOLE ANISTON, CHARLEY CHASE, MIKO LEE, PRINZZESS FELICITY JADE, JENNA PRESLEY, MELANIE RIOS, CARINA ROMAN, INDIA SUMMER, MARCUS LONDON, TOMMY GUNN, TONY DE SERGIO, TJ CUMMINGS & NACHO VIDAL.

Ah, for the days when sex slaves were literally slaves. (No, this ain't *Roots XXX*, you sickos.) This cum-soaked version of the epic blood-and-sandals story is no parody—at least not intentionally. Director Marcus London wrote too many words, so his porn stars get to act a lot—saying things like "Mind your tongue" and "Was her cunt pleasing?" Pure gold. The cunts in this picture please indeed. Devon Lee starts the slave abuse by making poor Dixus (or whatever his name is) cream all over her excellence and get a sponge bath by cock-slurping handmaidens. No wonder Rome's slaves took hundreds of years to revolt. Meanwhile, Spartacus (yes, London gave himself the title role) rage-fucks Tanya Tate, giving a nice, hard bounce to her historically wrong boobjob. Here's a line you might want to use at the local bar: "It will feel like the gods themselves are inside you." (Check out our profile of Tanya starting on page 28.) The jawdropping Miko Lee shows up later to sap some warrior strength. (Don't try to wield any iron swords after her scene.) Sure, we get way too many excuses for porn's buffest studs to stand around looking sweaty and dirty (may as well get the gays and ladies watching too), but the phony gladiators manage to pull off some decent stuntwork. (Slo-mo and Editus help out.) This is one of the bloodiest XXX flicks in a while, even if it probably doesn't beat your last backyard wrestling event. Shot on porn ranches just north of Hollywood, the inaugural *Spartacus MMXII* is an impressive XXX cockbuster with lots of big props, pliable maidens and happy endings. That Roman Viagra was good shit. **—M.J.**

Devon Lee and India Summer add some Xs to ***MMXII***.

Magical girls: *Asa Akira, Lexi Belle and Heather Starlet (bottom) wield the power of* ***Poon.***

Sailor Poon: A XXX Interactive Parody

LFP VIDEO/FULL SPREAD ENTERTAINMENT. **DIRECTOR:** LEE ROY MYERS. **STARRING:** LEXI BELLE, ASA AKIRA, HEATHER STARLET, ANTHONY ROSANO, EVAN STONE & ROCCO REED.

Unless you were once a ten-year-old Asian kid, you've probably never seen the Japanese anime *Sailor Moon*. All you need to know is that Sailor Scouts never run from a real fight—or, in this XXX version, a hard cock. And what could be better than porn stars posing as superheroes posing as Japanese schoolgirls? Besides getting your magical scepter sucked by one of them, nothing! In this POV saga, the evil queen can't seem to defeat the Sailor Sluts except by infiltrating their dreams and having them fucked senseless. Fingers, dildos and dicks penetrate their Dark Kingdoms, starting with Asa Akira's Sailor Mars. Yes, she's the only Asian in this hardcore spin on the franchise, but her cries while getting creamed tell us she likes the spotlight. But it's the baby-voiced Lexi Belle as the title character who really shines. She sucks and fucks as if it's the end of the world. The graphics are laughable, and the jokes are lame. But this interactive parody lets you pick the sailor you want, the sex position, camera angle and when you want to unload. ***—Kimberly Cheng***

*Do Mika Sparx, Katt Dylan, Sharon Lee (bottom left) and Evelyn Lin (bottom right) know what a **Pedicure** is?*

Asian Sex Delinquents: Pedicure Pussy

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: WILL RYDER. STARRING: KATT DYLAN, SHARON LEE, EVELYN LIN, ARIAL ROSE, MIKA SPARX, ERIC SWISS, XANDER CORVUS, ANTHONY ROSANO, BILLY GLIDE, RYAN DRILLER.

Warning: Hot chicks speaking mangled Engrish ahead. Is it just us or does the title of HUSTLER's latest slice of gourmet Asian conjure up an elderly curmudgeon bemoaning "Orientals" for their kinky games and whether or not a pedicure pussy is more aesthetically pleasing than a manicured muff? No, it's just us. Set in a nail salon featuring "browjobs and assricking," this buffet of Far East flesh will have you howling "me so horny" as you stroke your bamboo pole—even if you *don't* get off on stale stereotypes. Katt Dylan, Sharon Lee and Mika Sparx get the stiffs primed by blowing a cop before Katt polishes off his nightstick. Another successful bust! Sharon pops into the shop to prove that no cock is "too beaucoup" for her, then Mika's tight twat slips in for a "foot massage." *Domo arigato, geisha!* (Wait, is she even Japanese? Eh, fuck it!) Evelyn Lin is hotter than a Chinese sweatshop, and her fucky-sucky doesn't disappoint. (Yes, she's really Chinese!) Not to be outdone, Arial Rose exhibits ninjalike reflexes as she gets her sushi stuffed. Bottom line, this one will have you polishing your samurai sword until it gleams.

—Andy Parker

HOOK UP
TONIGHT
With
HOT GIRLS
AND THE SEXIEST
PORNSTARS!
THEY'RE WAITING
INSIDE NOW!
Come inside and see what
you can get them to do!
These girls are Ready & Willing
to do ANYTHING FOR YOU!
We've collected 1000's of
beautiful girls who are waiting
show you a good time!
Start a Chat RIGHT NOW

EAGER PUPIL

ALLY KAY

When Lita (**Ally Kay**) got a spot in Professor Humbert's Human Sexuality 101 class, she was the envy of Gyno College. Humbert accepted only six students each semester. Although sworn to secrecy, previous enrollees discreetly raved about his methods. Lita showed up bright and eager on the first day. Looking around, she noticed that the other students were also red-hot chicks.

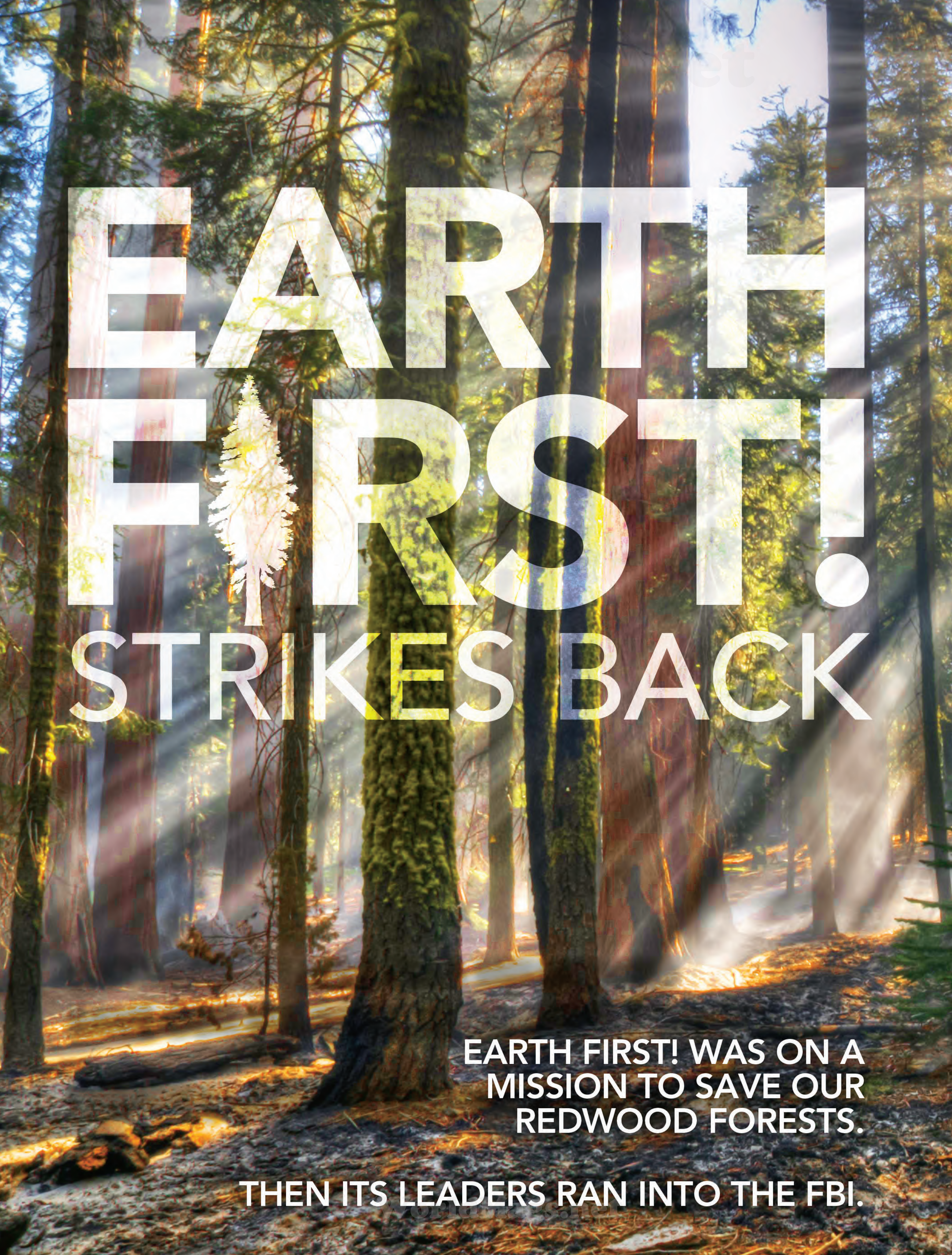
When Humbert arrived an hour late, he reeked of gin and peyote. "Take your textbooks please," he announced, "and burn them. You'll get a guaranteed A in this course if you do one thing: fuck a bunch of random guys and send me your panties afterward. It's the only way I can achieve full tumescence."

Eager for an A, Lita donned a bikini and hung out in the quad, where she quickly attracted the attention of a random dude (**Alex Gonz**). In a heartbeat she was back in her dorm room banging the tar out of the befuddled freshman.

"I love higher education!" Lita squealed as she came.

BARELY LEGAL
#123

If you haven't had nearly enough Ally Kay, we strongly recommend *Barely Legal #101* and *Barely Legal #123* from HUSTLER Video. Call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**.



EARTH FIRST! STRIKES BACK

EARTH FIRST! WAS ON A MISSION TO SAVE OUR REDWOOD FORESTS.

THEN ITS LEADERS RAN INTO THE FBI.

INTERVIEW BY MARK JOHNSON
AND KIMBERLY CHENG

In 1990—23 years ago this month—Judi Bari was critically injured by a car bomb, and fellow activist Darryl Cherney was nearly blinded. The FBI and Oakland Police Department immediately accused the two environmentalists of bombing themselves.

Who Bombed Judi Bari?—produced by Cherney and directed by Mary Liz Thomson—chronicles the activists' ongoing investigation into the FBI's war against Bari, building a damning case for the federal agency's involvement in the bombing. The heart of the documentary is Bari's deposition in her lawsuit against the FBI, filmed just a month before she died of cancer in 1997.

HUSTLER: What was Judi Bari doing when she became a target?

DARRYL CHERNEY: Interest in environmental organizations had peaked, but the [logging] industry seemed to be filing more and more timber-harvest plans. So we decided to call for a Redwood Summer, based on the Freedom Summer during the civil-rights struggle, to stop the insanity of mowing down our ancient redwood trees.

The death threats started pouring in. There were also fake press releases on Earth First! letterheads saying we were going to be violent. Judi's first death threat said, "Get out and go back where you came from. We know everything. You won't get a second warning." Another had a photograph of her with a riflescope and crosshairs. We were pretty freaked out.

So we decided to schedule a college tour throughout California to organize students and get away from the death threats. It was quite a surprise when we were attacked in Oakland.

Take us through the events of the bombing.

The night before the bombing, May 23, we did our final organizing meeting at a group house called Seeds of Peace. Then Judi went over to an associate's house, a man named Dave Kemnitzer.

The next morning I loaned my van to the banjo player in our band, and Shannon Marr drove me to Dave's house. Judi and I were breaking up at the time, even though we were still working together.

Just before noon we picked up the banjo player and headed down to UC Santa Cruz. There were two cars, Shannon's and Judi's. When I asked who I should ride with, Judi said, "Me." So I got in Judi's car. We drove a few blocks and were going downhill toward a stop sign.

All of a sudden reality was transformed. My head was ringing; things were spinning around. I sort of remember the car jerking and bouncing. I had no idea it was a bomb. At first I thought I was dead because I didn't have any frame of reference for what I was experiencing. We were right in front of a high school, and two kids came running from the ball field going, "It's a bomb! It's a bomb!" That's when I realized that somebody had tried to kill us.

Were you conscious the whole time?

Yes. The first thing I did was check my fingers and toes. Then I turned to Judi. She was crying in pain. I repeated over and over again, "I love you. You're going to live. You're going to make it. I love you."

The paramedics pulled me out of the car. They were rough with me, and I didn't know why at the time. I'd say, "Take Judi first." And they'd go, "Shut up!" **>>**

You were arrested right at the scene?

Within minutes of the bomb going off. The FBI was there so fast, it's as if they were standing around the corner. Judi was in the ICU, her leg in traction, a pin through it, her pelvis shattered, two dislocated vertebrae. A car-seat spring had drilled a giant hole through her backside. They handcuffed her to the hospital bed. I had glass in one eye, some burns and a couple of busted eardrums, which healed.

Then two men in suits walked in, one of them being FBI agent Phil Sena. They asked me who did this, and I rattled off the names of some lumber-company operatives. They said, "Look, why don't you just confess, make it easy on all of us, and get it over with."

So of course I said, "I want to talk to my lawyer."

I was taken down to the Oakland police station and put in a room for seven hours without food, water or bathroom privileges. They said, "If you talk to us without your lawyer, we'll consider letting you out." Now I know better than that, but I knew I was innocent and didn't want to go to jail. I wanted to get the hell out of there. So I talked to them for four hours.

Halfway through the interrogation, Lieutenant Sims of the Oakland Police Department shakes his head and says, "You know, you just don't fit the profile of a bomber." As if he'd been instructed to think we were bombers, and somebody was feeding him lines. I looked at him and said, "No shit, Sherlock." No charges were ever filed.

How long were you held?

It was Memorial Day Weekend, so I was in jail for five days before being released on $100,000 bail. In the meantime the police wheeled Judi out of the ICU without the doctors' permission and put her in the jail ward. The doctors found out and wheeled her back. After that, all of Judi's hospital records disappeared.

Did the cops interrogate her?

They never asked Judi a single question, from right after the bombing until the day she died. Even after Judi's deposition, the attorneys for the Oakland police and the FBI had no questions for her. As Judi said, "For an agency that's accusing me of bombing myself, they have a curious lack of interest in questioning me."

They had absolutely no interest in talking to us because it would put holes in their case. There was no forensic examination, no fingerprints, no nothing.

So what did they have?

They had a bunch of lies. I'll give you an example: Judi Bari was a master carpenter, and she was renovating a house that she was going to move into. So she had some roofing nails in the back of her car. They said those nails matched the nails strapped to the bomb for shrapnel effect. The nails on the bomb were finishing nails. Saying that roofing nails and finishing nails are identical is like saying a Rolls-Royce and a Volkswagen are identical because they're both cars.

Then they said the bomb was in the backseat, where we should have seen it. But it was actually hidden under the front seat. In photographs the driver's seat has a giant hole in it, and underneath the car there is a diamond-shaped hole through the floorboard about two-and-a-half-feet wide. You can see the impact points where the bomb went off in the door and on the hump. That hump saved me. The bomb was deflected from that and probably pushed back toward Judi. They said the backseat was blown to smithereens, but the backseat was intact.

When and where was the bomb placed in the car?

The most obvious and logical place was in Oakland while Judi slept. The second most obvious place would be the Seeds of Peace house. Our location was public information. I sent out press releases constantly, but it's not inconceivable that an informant followed Judi or revealed her whereabouts.

What kind of bomb was it?

Two things triggered the bomb: a bull's-eye pocket watch that had 11 and a half hours to run its course—she parked at around 11:30 p.m.—and a motion detector, which was a small cup with a ball bearing in the middle of two wires, a positive and a negative. The ball simply had to roll around and connect those wires. Five days later a letter taking credit for the bomb described the motion device.

The reports by the Oakland police morph as the FBI shows up and starts telling them what to say. The word *booby trap* is written on the police report, then replaced with *IED*, improvised explosive device. They literally crossed it out with a freakin' pen.

Who claimed responsibility?

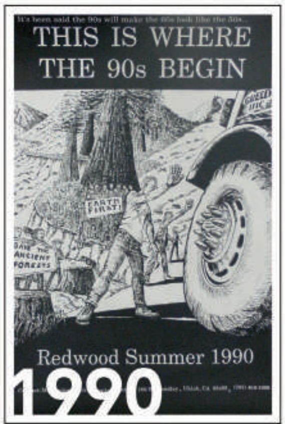
The letter taking credit for the bombing was signed "Lord's Avenger." The DNA on the stamp and envelope was female. As for [DNA on] the bomb itself, we don't know.

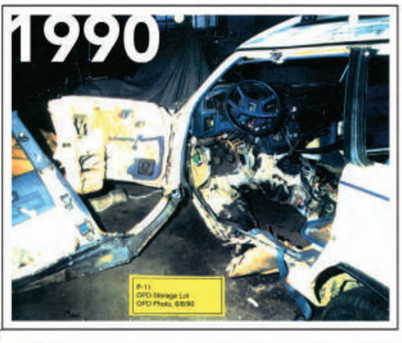
Lord's Avenger not only described the bomb in Judi Bari's car to a T but also a bomb placed two weeks earlier at the Louisiana Pacific Cloverdale Mill that only partially exploded. According to the police, the bombs were made in a similar style. He [or she] used the same [type of] pocket watch, same battery, same light switch. However, he said he put the bomb in Judi's car 48 hours earlier, which just doesn't seem likely.

The Lord's Avenger letter cited two reasons that he bombed Judi. One, she was leading the "honest men of toil astray to worship trees as if they were gilded idols." But he also referenced a Planned Parenthood defense that Judi had done a year and a half earlier. He said that he first saw her at the "baby-killing clinic," where he saw Satan's flames shoot forth from her eyes, ears and nose.

Judi did only one clinic defense in her entire life. The anti-abortion movement generally targets doctors or clinics. To think that somebody would target her for a pro-choice position which she only declared one time seems

1989
TH FIRS


It's been said the 90s will make the 60s look like the 50s...
THIS IS WHERE THE 90s BEGIN
EARTH FIRST!
SAVE THE ANCIENT FORESTS
Redwood Summer 1990
1990



PHOTOS COURTESY DARRYL CHERNEY

unlikely. It was steering the focus away from the timber issue.

Who do you think built the bomb?

Who would know all of the bomb components? And write a letter that was full of misinformation? Well, that would be the FBI.

Two weeks before the Louisiana Pacific bomb, the FBI conducted what they call "bomb school" in Humboldt County, California, on a clearcut owned by Louisiana Pacific, Judi's primary adversary. The main defendant in our case against the FBI, Special Agent Frank Doyle, taught the bomb school. Also present at the bomb school was head of Louisiana Pacific security, Frank Wigginton. They were both bomb techs.

There they are together: the FBI with a bug up its butt for Earth First! and LP with Redwood Summer coming down the pike. And what are they doing? They're blowing up cars with pipe bombs [at bomb school].

The FBI didn't even investigate the LP sawmill bomb, nor did the police turn over that bomb to the FBI. The bomb was a dud, so it's got a lot of evidentiary value.

Frank Doyle was one of the first people to show up to Judi Bari's car bombing. On the police tape from the crime scene, someone who sounds like Doyle can be heard saying, "This is the final exam."

How close are you to identifying the bomber?

We have a court order to give the sawmill bomb to a laboratory of our choosing. If we can get a fingerprint or DNA off that partially exploded bomb and determine whether the DNA is female, the same female who licked the envelope and the stamp, then we've got our bomber.

I believe the bombing of the car was a group effort. People were hired or contracted to send death threats and spread misinformation to create an atmosphere of fear, and then someone ratted Judi out as to where she was spending the night.

I believe the FBI used an informant to put the bomb in the car, somebody they had their finger on. In 1988 one of the defendants [in our case], special agent Phil Sena, was working with a pipe bomber as an informant in San Francisco a year and a half before we were bombed. It was on the Discovery Channel's *The FBI Files*.

Doyle left the FBI and went to the Discovery Channel. He's now a consultant for *MythBusters*. He's on TV making bombs! Doyle denied on the witness stand that he said, "This is the final exam." But if you listen to him on *MythBusters*, [it sounds like] him. Not just his voice; it's his style.

How involved are the logging firms?

Louisiana Pacific is my favorite suspect company. They're ruthless union busters.

What do you tell people who say the FBI wouldn't help plant a bomb?

I would say we have the FBI and Louisiana Pacific's respective chiefs of their different divisions testifying that they knew each other and were blowing up cars with pipe bombs together. The FBI has a long history of fomenting dissent by creating false documents and false information. They also have a long history of using informants to kill.

Why would they want Judi dead?

Judi was bringing timber workers and environmentalists together. Judi was not only an Earth Firster; she was an Industrial Workers of the World organizer. The IWW, a radical labor group, was the reason the FBI was created. That made her a double target.

The FBI claimed you were carrying a bomb in your car. Didn't Earth First! have a reputation at that time for sabotage?

Yes, but not with bombs. In fact, it was very clearly stated to stay away from explosives. Earth First! sees these huge corporations as coming into our home, Mother Earth, and we have a right to defend ourselves.

Had the movement been infiltrated by the FBI?

They denied having any record at all of Judi and me before the bombing. But in 1988 the FBI did its first known infiltration of Earth First! [As part of a sting operation], they tried to find Earth Firsters who would blow up three nuclear power plants simultaneously. They couldn't find a single Earth Firster who was interested in explosives.

What were your lawsuits against the FBI and Oakland PD based on?

The First and Fourth Amendments. The First Amendment claim stated they knew we were innocent and lied about it to silence us. We won both claims. Three Oakland police officers and three FBI agents were found guilty. Their lies were so obvious, the jury ruled in our favor to the tune of $4.4 million. Eighty percent of the money was awarded by the jury for violations of the First Amendment, which tells you that people in this country really treasure freedom of speech.

Why is it so important to solve this case?

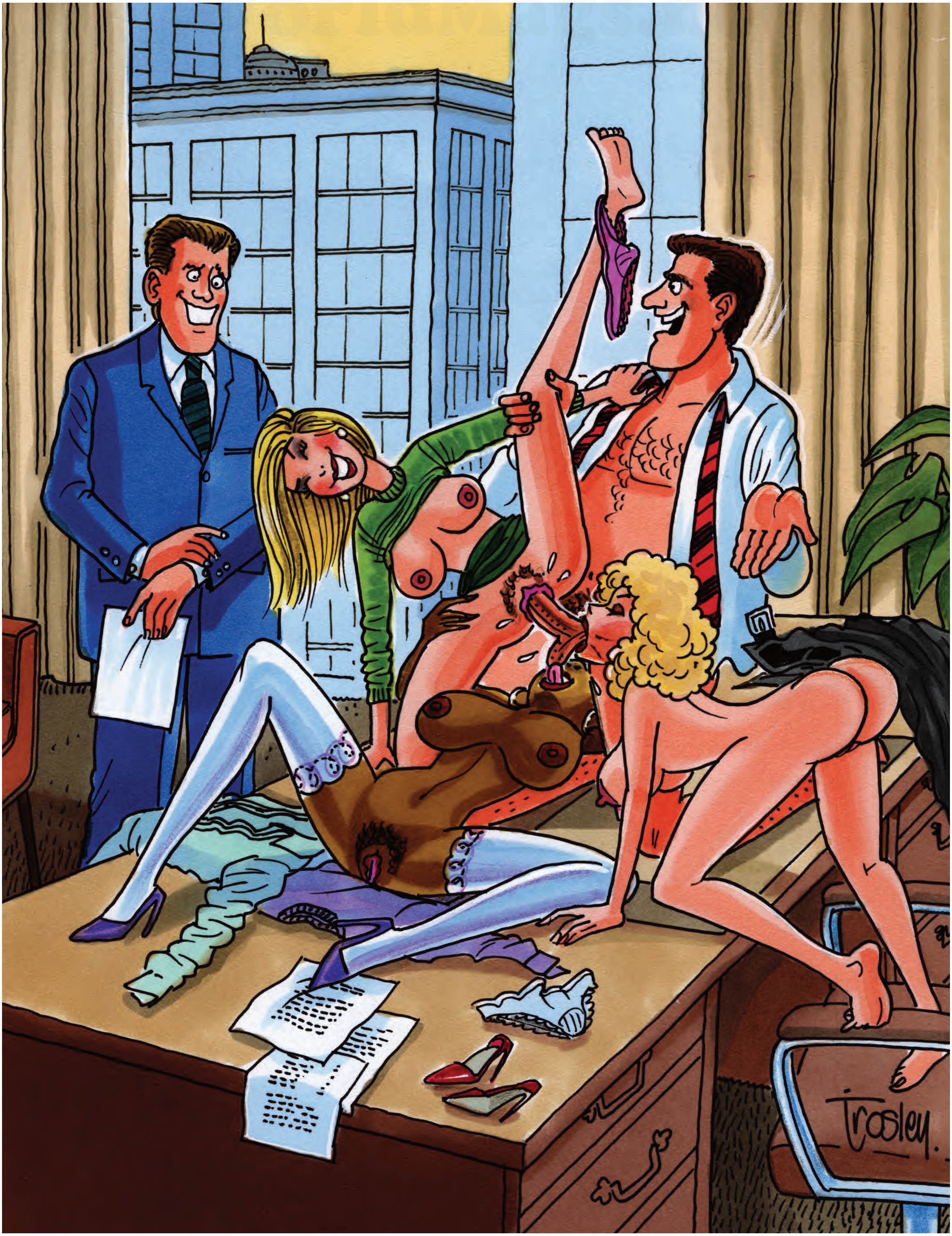
Because it might be a piece of the puzzle that allows you to see the big picture. It provides a window into the way our government works. We made the movie to inspire people to action by showing how activists can win and to educate people about a strong female hero: Judi Bari. It's also aimed at triggering an authentic investigation of the bombing case to find someone, whether it's the California attorney general or the Humboldt County district attorney, who will actually take this on.

Should activists get into politics?

Working through the political system is like going to Las Vegas and thinking you're going to win. The cards are stacked against you.

Education is key. If I had any regret in the past 25 years of activism, it's that I didn't do more appearances at schools. Our only hope is changing the way human beings behave. We've created all this machinery to make our lives easier, but it's destroying the planet.

STAY OFF MY LAWN!
BEWARE OF MY DOG!
DON'T FUCK WITH MY WIFE!
WINNERS



"But my true genius, of course, is surrounding myself
with extremely talented people."

WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVORITE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE 1976!

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

"I definitely feel I have the upper hand when it comes to men."

"My fantasy is to have sex in a private plane flying over Lake Tahoe."

NAIYA

"I want to be successful in everything I do," announces Naiya, a "fun, loving and spontaneous" waitress from Reno, Nevada. As fresh as a daisy, not to mention sporting a tattoo inspired by flowers, the 18-year-old has done a bang-up job cutting her teeth as a nude model. "It was something new to do," reckons Naiya, a snowboarding buff who obligingly played hide-the-toy in her favorite position the first time a shutterbug captured the 5-foot-4 babe in the buff. "I'm bi-curious, seductive, aggressive and passionate," Naiya points out, "but I don't have a significant other. It's a good thing I love playing with myself."—Photos by Friend

EVA

"I always knew men lusted for the women in HUSTLER, and I wanted to be one," avows Eva, 21, a ribald entertainer out of Killeen, Texas. "I'm young, wild, single and free-spirited, and I get off being the center of attention." Nevertheless, the 5-foot-4 skin-mag rookie relishes periodic solitude: "I watch *Weeds*, and I love to cuddle up with a good book and expand my knowledge." As for Eva's carnal knowledge, she exults, "I'm straight dick, baby! Do me doggy-style or let me ride!" How about a backdoor poke? "Oh, yeah!" Eva replies. "But it must be done slow and gentle with lots of TLC." The bodacious hottie is also an advocate of PDA—public display of affection: "I went to a Whitesnake concert. After a few beers, I felt so good, I got on the hood of my date's car and seductively danced like the girl [Tawny Kitaen] in a Whitesnake video. Then he hopped up, and we had sex in plain sight of concertgoers pouring out into the parking lot. I must say it was very memorable." So are jaunts to Eva's lair: "I love to dance for that special someone in my private room. It's filled with sexy outfits for me to slip out of and a stripper pole." —Photos by Ron Neumann

"As a nice surprise, I'd like to drop by a special guy's job, shut his office door and fuck like rabbits."

ANGEL

“Ever since I watched the movie *The People vs. Larry Flynt*, I became interested in doing soft porn,” says Angel, a “sweet, caring, extremely country and cocky” resident of Centerville, Texas. “I’ve always been determined to achieve something.” Now the 5-foot-2 UFC diehard, a stripper who’s motivated by the bands Mudvayne and Shinedown, can *be* watched as a May birthday gal. She’ll be hitting 29. “My long-time fantasy was guys getting off by looking at me in HUSTLER,” Angel confides. “My husband thinks it’s hot that I got to be naked in a famous magazine.” He’s a lucky fella. “I have a high sex drive,” Angel continues. “I’m easily turned on and bi. I’ve been with more than a few women. I love oral and please-lube-it-up anal sex, which can make me squirt. Spontaneous sex is a must, and rough stuff is awesome. I’ll take anything like a champ.” Angel’s top TV shows are *Law & Order* and *CSI*, taking us to one of her achievements and a pending caper. “I had sex in a courthouse bathroom, and I’m determined to do it on a busy hiking trail during the day.” —Photos by Ron Neumann

“I love getting fucked in any position that’s possible, mainly from behind— the deeper and rougher the better. But the ultimate is anal. My tight, perky ass can’t get enough dick.”

"Mommy told me butt-fucking was bad. Made me want to do it more."

"One of my fantasies is to have sex on the moon."

BETTY SAGE

"I like being naughty," boasts Betty Sage, 25, a "seductive, daring and very ambitious" Bettie Page acolyte from Santa Claus, Georgia. "I'm a bi nymphomaniac. I want to have sex with a guy or girl all the time." The aspiring jizz bizzer has already wowed an audience. "At a party I fucked this guy in the Jacuzzi while everyone could see us," recalls 5-foot-1 Ms. Sage, a Bassnectar, Grateful Dead and Led Zeppelin fan with a horny-24/7 playlist: "My fave pastimes are sucking cock, getting fucked in the ass, eating pussy, having my clit licked and masturbating while I'm watching porn." On that note, Betty gushes, "I'm hankering to stick a flute into my hoo-hoo like that nerdy band girl in *American Pie.*" —Photos by Friend

"I have a seductive look that drives guys wild, especially while I'm sucking their cock."

SCARLET

We've now figured out why the University of Alabama was college football's 2009 and 2011 national champion and had a shot at defending its title as this issue went to press. Not just top-notch student-athletes. Look who's rooting for 'em. "I'm a big Crimson Tide fan," proclaims Scarlet, a waitress and "video-game freak" by way of San Antonio, Texas. "I was a military daughter. I lived all over and grew up in 'Bama." Thanks to a watershed moment as a grownup, the 5-foot-1 pixie decided to model in her birthday suit. "Playing *Gears of War* on Xbox Live naked broke the ice," explains Scarlet, who'll be turning 24 in May. "I'm definitely not a normal girl. I'm into ballet and painting, but I want to have sex all the time. I love giving head, riding a guy reverse cowgirl and trying new things like dressing up, role-playing and bondage." How's this for great service? "I've always wanted to be waitressing when a bunch of firefighters walk in, and I invite them to my place for an orgy. I'd have their hoses pumping!" —Photos by Friend

"I always get my way, especially when I'm naked and wanna play."

AIVALIA

"I lost over 40 pounds in the past six months," raves Aivalia Do'Urden, 22, a "stubborn, blunt, confident and logical" graphic designer from Hellam, Pennsylvania. "What better way to celebrate than posing nude? I love the female body, and I wanted to show off mine in a respectable magazine." The 5-foot-3 newbie has an abundance of respectable interests, which she whittles down to painting, drawing, video games, music (especially Maynard James Keenan), "cheesy horror movies," 1990s cartoons, reading, fine wines and sex. "I'm seductive and open-minded," Aivalia asserts, "I prefer men but don't see a need to commit to an orientation. I'm a sadist and a masochist, so rough play is a must. I'm pretty flexible and have an insatiable oral fixation—particularly with piercings." Letting her creativity run wild, Aivalia outlines a colorful fantasy: "A kinky guy and I lay out a canvas across the floor, get naked and cover ourselves in paint. Then I proceed to have my way with him, creating a *fucking* masterpiece. Get it?" —Photos by Larry the Black Metal Drummer

"At home I'm always naked. Just ask my mailman!"

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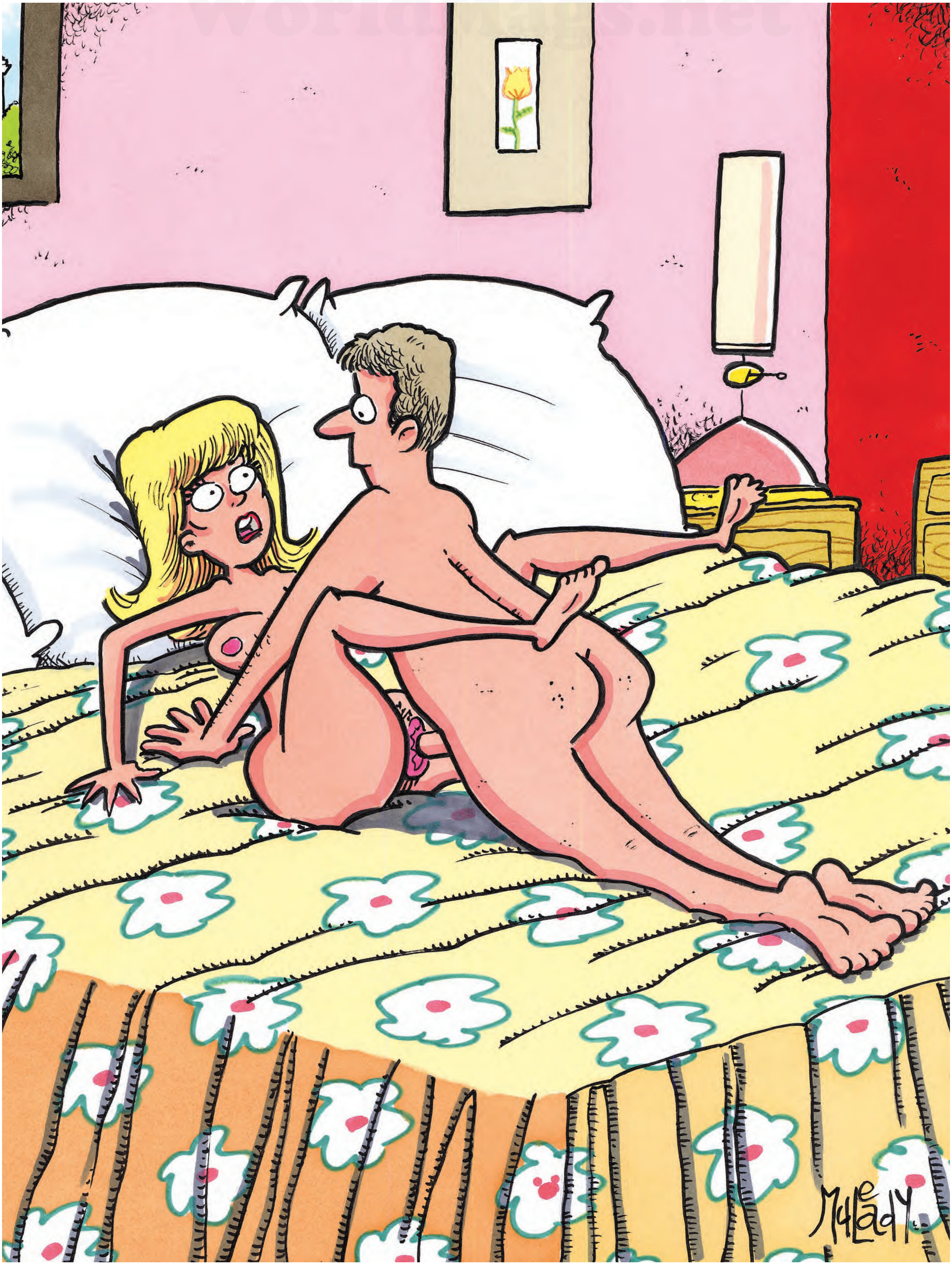

“I don’t want to get pregnant, so let’s pretend you’re legitimately raping me.”

ORGASMIC GETAWAY

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

Bree (**Alexis Monroe**) and redhead Evelyn (**Dani Jensen**) were a couple of hard-working gals who desperately needed a break from the daily bump and grind. The lifelong friends settled on a weekend get-away to the Barry Brothers Ranch. “This is perfect,” Bree said as she looked over a brochure touting horseback riding, scenic pools and extravagant meals.

Upon arriving, Bree immediately headed to the stables. But there were no horses—just a nude hombre (**Anthony Rosano**) quietly munching on hay. “You looking for a ride?” he asked Bree.

“What the hell?” she gushed. “I’d been looking forward to a gallop, but I suppose a wild boning won’t hurt.”

Meanwhile, Evelyn unpacked her bags and went to grab a bite. The alleged four-star restaurant was empty. In the kitchen, there was a single pot of chili con carne simmering in a crock pot. After having a bowlful, Evelyn continued on to the pool, where she was joined by a tattooed guy (**Alan Stafford**). “Nice boots,” he said.

“Thanks a lot,” Evelyn replied. “Let’s fuck.”

Driving back, both girls agreed that the trip was a smashing success. “The sex wasn’t bad,” Evelyn chirped. “And it was the best chili I’ve ever had.”

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Katie Summers
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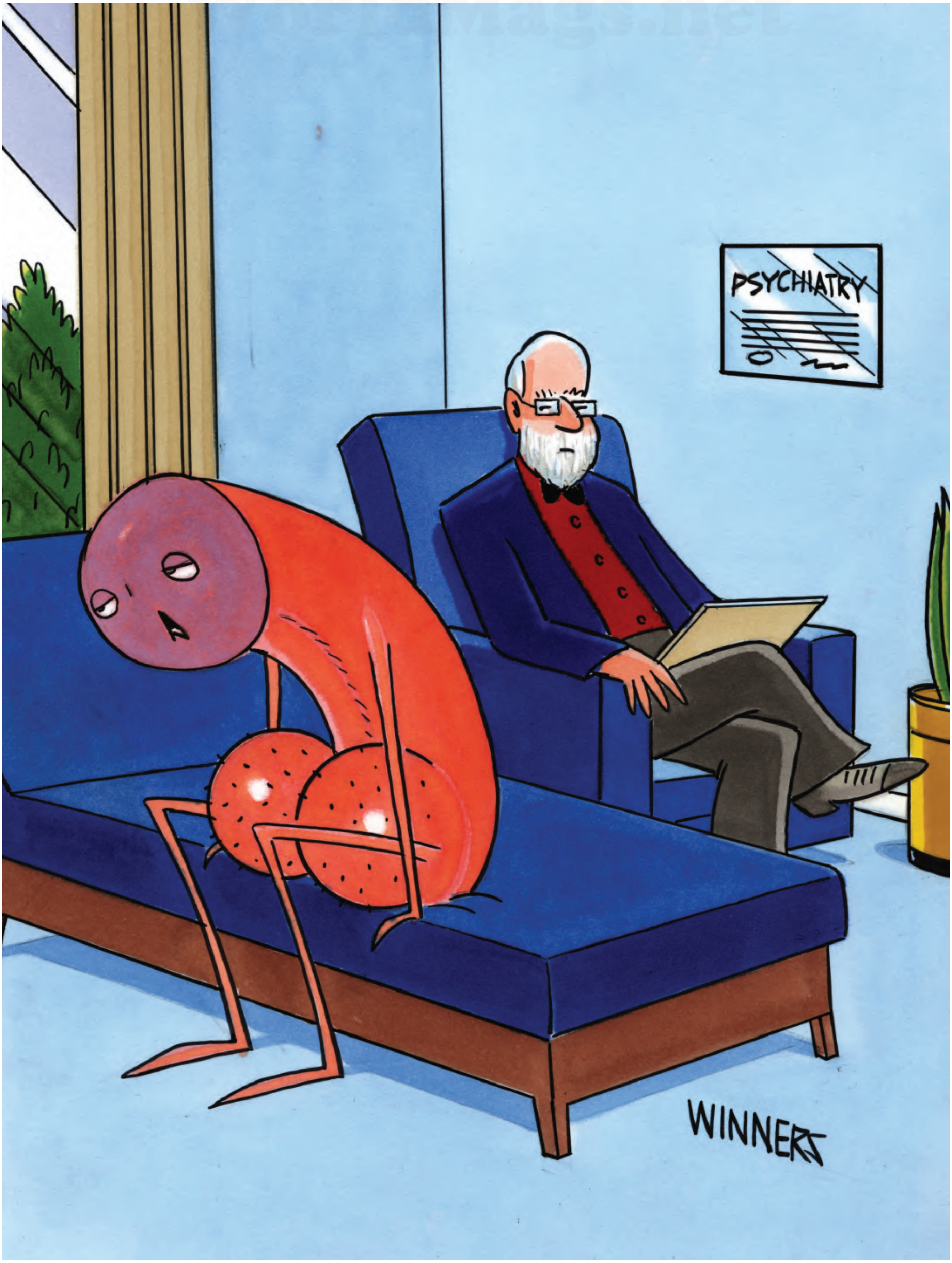

PSYCHIATRY
WINNERS

“Doc, I think about pussy from the time I get up till the time I lie down.”

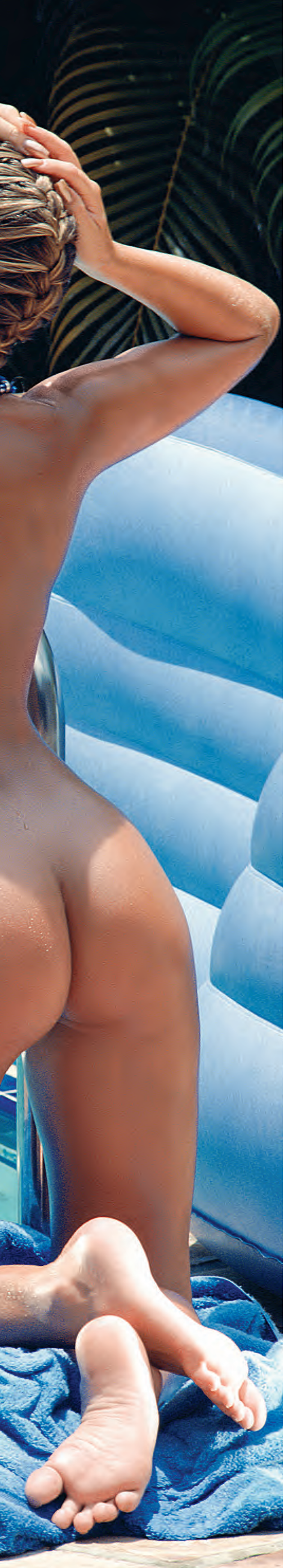
COOL DIP FOR A HOT STAR

FEBRUARY 1987

HUSTLER CLASSIC

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES BAES

CANDI EVANS



Newcomer **Candi Evans** brings a delectable body and delightful sexual abandon to the blue screen, as she showed in XXX scorchers *Born to Run* and HUSTLER Video's *Forbidden Bodies*. Her body is like a cartoon caricature of the pert-pupped, bubble-butted, sleek and tan sex machine who dwells in every American man's perverted imagination. **Candi**'s almost-virginal demeanor just adds to the pelvic pressure audiences experience when they view this innocent young thing sucking and fucking like a sperm-starved nympho. From her flawless asshole to her blond hair, there are plenty of reasons why everyone's sweet on **Candi**.

WorldMag

The June '13 issue goes on sale March 19, 2013. Visit our website at HustlerMagazine.com.

ABIGAIL MAC

COMING NEXT

SKIN DIAMOND DAZZLES

Once in a while a girl comes along who looks too pretty for depravity but chooses to get fucked in the ass on camera anyway. It's time to thank the porn gods: Skin Diamond is that girl. A former gonzo gal herself, our reporter Ashley Blue enters the mocha beauty's private sanctum and uncovers the many layers of Skin: missionaries' daughter, tattooed hipster, anglophile, bookworm, pet lover and bisexual bedhopper. "I've always been very experimental," Skin purrs. Prepare to fall in love.

THE ROLLING STONES' DOOM AND GLOOM

We salute the world's greatest rock 'n' roll band's 50th anniversary through a lens darkly. The Age of Aquarius was in full bloom in 1969 when the Stones headlined a free music festival at the Bay Area's Altamont Speedway. One of a handful of newshounds covering the gig was future HUSTLER contributor Craig Modderno, who found himself in the midst of a historically deadly cocktail of unruly fans and beer-guzzling Hells Angels armed with pool cues—and knives. Hear what Mick Jagger confided to Modderno beforehand and feel the tension mounting as the then-cub reporter witnessed the end of the peace-love era.

HIGH-CLASS HARDCORE

Are the worlds of art and fashion just slumming when they borrow from porn, or is a real cross-fertilization happening? Intrigued by hiphop superstar Kanye West's recent video plunge into imagery borrowed from XXX flicks, our expert picks the brains of artists and pornographers to trace the crossover trend and answer some key questions: Is hardcore the true avant-garde? And if porn gets too artsy, can you still whack off to it?

MEDIA CON ARTIST EXPOSES HIMSELF!

Always suspected that the Internet is full of crap? It's worse than you think. "Everyone is pandering or trying to rile each other up to get attention rather than being authentic or real," Ryan Holiday says. Websites will "print anything if they think it'll get traffic." Reeling from a sudden ethical epiphany, Holiday wrote *Trust Me, I'm Lying: Confessions of a Media Manipulator*. The whiz kid may be an obscenely successful bullshit artist, but he knows what he's talking about. Why else would we talk to him?